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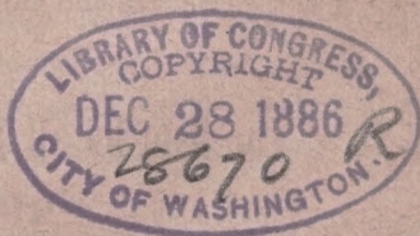
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# THE HOLY ROSE.

BY

✓  
WALTER BESANT.



NEW YORK:  
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1886

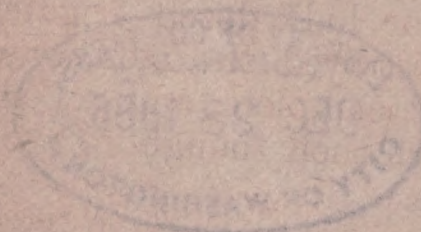


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# THE HOLY ROSE.

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## PROLOGUE.

ALL night long, until within a couple of hours of day-break, the ships' boats were rowing to and fro between the fleet and the shore, swiftly, yet without haste, as if the work had to be done without delay, yet must be done in order. They were embarking the English and the Spanish troops, for the town was to be abandoned. All night long the soldiers stood in their ranks, waiting for their turn in stolid patience. Some even slept leaning on their muskets, though the season was midwinter, and though all round them there was such a roaring of cannon, and such a bursting and hissing of shells, as should have driven sleep far away. But the cannon roared and the shells burst harmlessly so far as the soldiers were concerned, for they were drawn up in the Fort Lamalque, which is on the east of the town, while the cannonading was from Fort Caire, which is on the west. The Republicans fired, not upon the embarking army, but upon the town and upon the boats in the harbor, where the English sailors were destroying those of the ships which they could not take away with them, so that what had been a magnificent fleet in the evening became by the morning only a poor half dozen frigates. They burned the arsenal; they destroyed the stores; not until the work of destruction was complete, and all the troops were embarked, did they turn their thoughts to the shrieking and panic-stricken people.

What do we, who all our lives have sat at home in peace and quietness, know of such a night? What do we, who, so far, have lived beyond the reach of war, comprehend of such terror as fell upon all hearts when—'twas the night of the eighteenth of December, in the year of grace one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three—the people of Toulon discovered that the English and Spanish troops



were leaving the town, and that they were left to the tender mercies of the Republicans? Toulon was their last camp of refuge; Lyons had fallen; Marseilles had fallen. As the English gathered together in the fens and swamps to escape the Normans, so the Provençal folk fled to Toulon out of the way of the Republicans. As for their tender mercies, it was known already what had been done at Lyons, and what at Marseilles. What would they not do at Toulon, which had not only pronounced against the Republic, but had even invited the English and the Spanish to occupy and hold the town? And now their allies were embarking, and they were without defense.

It took time for them to understand the situation. They did not learn that Fort Caire and the Pharon had been taken by the Republicans, until the cannon of the forts were turned upon the town, and the bombardment began. Then they ran out of their houses, because it is better to die in the open than to die in a hole, and congregated—some in the churches, some in the Place d'Armes, and some on the quays. It was dreadful, even there, because the shells which flew hurtling in the air sometimes burst over their heads, and the cannon-shot sometimes flew through the crowd, making long lanes where the dead and wounded lay. It was more dreadful when the English sailors fired the arsenal and the stores, and the lurid flames leaped up into the sky, and roared and ran from place to place. It was more dreadful still when the lubberly Spaniards blew up the powder-ships instead of sinking them, and that with so terrible an explosion that the boats in the harbor were blown clean out of the water. But it was most dreadful of all when it became known that the English had abandoned the town, and were even then embarking at Fort Lamalque, where they were secure from the fire of the other forts; because then the people understood that they would be left to certain death.

Then with one consent they rushed upon the Quay. The women carried their little ones and dragged the elder children by the hand; the men snatched up whatever, in the terror of the moment, they could save that seemed worth saving, and there, crowded all together, they shrieked and cried to the English boats, and implored the sailors to carry them on board.

All night long they vainly cried, the men cursing the



English for their inhumanity, the women holding up the children—for the flames of the arsenal made the Quay as light as day—if the sight of the tender innocents would move their hearts. All night long the sailors, unmoved, went on with their work of destruction in the harbor, and of embarkation on the fleet. But in the early morning, two hours before day-break, they had done all that they had time to do, and they thought of the wretched people.

When the boats touched the Quay there arose a desperate cry, for it seemed here, indeed, as with those who of old time stood or lay about the Pool of Siloam, that only he who stepped in first would come out whole. Then those behind pushed to the front, and those in front leaped into the boats, and some in their haste leaped into the water instead and were drowned; and, to make the terror worse, the forcats, who had been released when the arsenal was fired, came down upon the crowd, six hundred strong, yelling, “The Republicans are upon us! They are coming! They are coming!” Then even those who had been most patient, fearing above all things to lose each other, and resolved to cling to their treasures if possible, either lost their heads and rushed forward, or were forced to the front by those behind and separated; and in the confusion they dropped their treasures, which the convicts picked up. And some were pushed into the water, and some, especially the women and children, were thrown down and trampled to death; and at this moment the cannon-shot of Fort Caire fell into the densest part of the crowd. And some went mad, and began to laugh and sing, and one or two fell dead with the terror and distraction of it. But the English sailors went on steadily with their work, helping the people into the boats, and when those were full pushing off and making room for others, as if they were Portsmouth wherries taking holiday folk to see the ships at Spithead; so that, although at day-break they were forced to desist, out of twenty thousand souls who were in Toulon, they took on board, all told, fourteen thousand five hundred men, women, and children.

Among the groups on the outskirts of the crowd there was one of four, consisting of two ladies, a man, and a boy. One of the ladies sat upon the arm of an anchor, holding the boy by the hand. She had stuffed his ears with wool and covered his head with her shawl, so that he should see



and hear as little as possible. The other, who stood by her, was dressed as a nun. In her hands she held a golden crucifix, and her eyes were turned to the heavens. The man stood silent, only from time to time whispering to the lady with the boy:

“We can die but once, Eugénie. Courage, my wife.”

Then came the false alarm of the forçats, and a surging wave of humanity suddenly rushed upon them, bearing them along upon the tide. And as for the lady called Eugénie, she was carried off her feet, but held the boy in her arms, and knew nothing until the strong hands of two English sailors caught her as she was falling headlong into the water, crying:

“Now then, Madame Parleyvoo, this is your way; not into the harbor this time. Lay down, ma’am; lay down, and sit quiet.”

When it was day-break the refugees upon the deck looked around them. They were seeking for brother and sister, husband, wife, lover, parent, or child; with them Madame Eugénie. Alas! the husband was nowhere on the ship. They comforted her with the hope that he might be on one of the other vessels. But she was to see him no more. Presently her eyes fell upon a figure lying motionless beside a cannon on the deck. It was a nun, in blue and white.

“Sister!” cried Mme. Eugénie; “Sister Claire! You are saved; oh, you are saved.”

The nun slowly opened her eyes, looking about her.

“I thought,” she said, “that we had passed through the pangs of death, and were on our way to the gates of heaven.” The terror of the night had made her reason wander for the moment. “Where are we, sister?”

“We are safe, dear. But where—oh, where is Raymond?”

“I know not. What has happened? What have I here?”

In her hand she carried a bag.

I have said that in the hurry of the moment each snatched up what seemed most precious. This lady, for her part, held in her hand a large leather bag, containing something about eighteen inches long. If we consider how weak a woman she was, in what a crowd she was pressed, how she was carried into the boat and hoisted on board,



and how her wits fled for terror, it seems nothing short of a miracle that she should have brought that bag on board in safety. But she did, and thus a miracle, she always believed, was wrought in behalf of her and those she loved.

She sat up and began to recover herself.

“Oh, my sister!” she said, bursting into tears, “you are safe; and I have saved the Rose, the Holy Rose, the Rose blessed by the Pope.”

“And I,” said Eugénie, “have lost my husband. Thank God, the boy is safe. But where is Raymond?”

Then followed the sound of a fierce cannonading; the last, because the Republicans now discovered that the place was abandoned.

The nun kissed the crucifix.

“Those who are not with us,” she said, solemnly, “are with God. If they are not dead already they will be presently killed by those who are the enemies of God and the King. Let us pray, my sister, for the souls of the martyrs.”

In the afternoon of that day the English and Spanish ships being now under full sail and out of sight, there was the strangest sight that the Toulonnais had ever seen. The performance took place in the Place d’Armes, under the trees which, in summer, make a grateful shade in the hot sun. Generally there is a market there, which begins at day-break, and is carried on lazily, and with many intervals for sleep and rest, until the evening. But to-day the market-women were not at their stalls, and the stalls were empty. The smoke of the still burning arsenal was blowing slowly over the town, obscuring the sky; some of the ships in the harbor were still on fire, adding their smoke, so that, though the sky was clear and the sun was bright, the town was dark. Under the trees at the western end of the Place, sat four Commissioners, forming four courts. They were dressed in Republican simplicity of long flowing hair, long coats with high collars, and their throats tied up in immense mufflers. They were provided with chairs, and they were surrounded by a guard of soldiers. The fellows were in rags, and for the most part barefooted; but every man had his musket, his bayonet, and his pouch. They carried nothing more. Their hair was longer than that of the Commissioners; their cheeks were hollow, partly from



short rations long continued, and partly from the fatigues of the last week's incessant fighting. And their eyes were fierce; as fierce as the eyes of those Gauls who first met a Roman legion. In the open part of the Place, where there were no trees to shelter them, were grouped together a company of prisoners, driven together at the point of the bayonet. They were the helpless and unresisting folk who had been left behind by the retreating English. The men stood silent and resigned, or, if they spoke, it was to console the women, who, for their part, worn out by terror and fatigue, sat as if they could neither hear, nor see, nor feel anything at all, not even the wailing of the children.

At the east end of the Place were more soldiers, and these were engaged in turn, by squads of six, in standing shoulder to shoulder and firing at a target which was continually changed.

A strange occupation, surely, for soldiers of the Republic! For the target at which they aimed, at ten feet distance, was by turns a man, a woman, or a child, as might happen. They always hit that target, which then fell to the ground, and became instantly white and cold, and was dragged away to be replaced by another.

For the Republic, revengeful as well as indivisible, was executing Justice upon her enemies. With this Republic, which was naturally more ruthless, because less responsible, than any Tyranny, Justice was always spelled with a capital, and meant Death. So exactly was Justice at this time a synonym for *La Mort* that one is surprised that the latter word should have survived at all during the early years of Revolution, when the thing was signified equally well by the word Justice. The judges here were those pure and holy spirits, Citizens Fréron, Robespierre the Younger, Barras, and Saliceti, all virtuous men, and all fully permeated with a conviction of the great truth, that when a man is dead he can plot no more. Therefore, as fast as the traitors of Toulon, who had held out for the family of Capet, and had invited the detestable and perfidious English into their city, and had been contented with their rule, were brought before them, they were sentenced to be done to death incontinently, and without any foolish delay in the investigation of the case, or in appeals to any higher court, or any waste of time over prayers and priest.

Presently there was brought before Citizen Fréron a



Gentleman. There could be no doubt upon this subject, because, even at this moment, when the result of this trial was certain, he preserved the proud and self-possessed air which exasperated the Republicans, who easily succeeded in looking fearless and resolute, but never preserved calmness. It wants a very well-bred man to possess his soul and govern himself with dignity in the presence of a violent death. When it came to the turn of the Robespierres, for example, one of them jumped out of window, and the other shot himself in the head. Yet in the dignity of the Nobles the fiery Republicans read contempt for themselves, and it maddened them. This gentleman was a handsome man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, with straight and regular features, black eyes, and a strong chin. You may see his face carved upon those sarcophagi of Arles, where are sculptured a whole gallery of Roman heads belonging to the second century. It was, in fact, a Roman face such as may be seen to this day at Tarascon, Aiguesmortes, and Arles; a clear-cut face, whose ancestor was very likely some gallant legionary born in the Campagna, who, his years of service accomplished, was left behind, grizzled and weather-beaten, but strong still, to settle in the Provincia, to marry one of the black-haired, half-breed Gaulish maidens, to bring up his family, presently to die, and then to be remembered for another generation at least in the yearly commemorative Festival of the Dead.

“Your name?” asked Commissioner Fréron.

There were no clerks, and no notes were taken of the cases. But certain formalities must be observed in the administration of justice.

“My name is Raymond d’Arnault, Comte d’Eyragues,” the prisoner replied in a clear, ringing voice.

“You have been found in the town which for two months has harbored and entertained the enemies of the Republic. You were on the Quay, endeavoring to escape. Why were you endeavoring to escape?”

The prisoner made no reply.

“Friends of the Republic do not fly before the presence of her soldiers. What have you to say?”

“Nothing,” said the prisoner.

“Is there any present who can give evidence as to the accused?” asked the President.

A man stepped forward.



“I can give evidence, Citizen Commissioner.”

He was a man, still young, whose face bore certain unmistakeable signs denoting an evil life. Apparently his courses had led him to a condition of poverty, for his clothes were old and shabby. His coat, which had once been scarlet, was now stained with all the colors that age and rough treatment can add to the original color; its buttons had formerly been of silver, but were now of horn; his hair was tied with a greasy black ribbon; his shoes had no buckles, and were tied with string; his stockings were of a coarse yarn. As he stepped to the front he seemed to avoid looking at the prisoner.

Some of those who assisted at the trial might have noticed a strange thing. The man was curiously like the prisoner. They were both of the same stature; each of them had black eyes and black hair; each of them had a shapely head and strong, regular features. But the face of one was noble, and that of the other was ignoble, which makes a great difference to begin with. And one was calm in his manner though death stared him in the face; and the other, though nobody accused him of anything, was uneasy.

“What is your name?” asked the Court.

“My name, Citizen Commissioner, is Louis Leroy.”

At these words there was a murmur among all who heard them, and the Court itself showed its displeasure.

“It is my name,” said the witness. “A man does not make his own name.”

“Citizen, your name is an insult to the Republic.”

“I will change it, then, for any other name you please.”

“What is your profession, citizen?”

“I am”—he hesitated for a moment—“I am a dancing-master at Aix.”

“A dancing-master may be a good citizen. As for your name, it shall be Gavotte—Citizen Gavotte. For your first name, it shall be no longer Louis, but Scipio. Proceed, Citizen Scipio Gavotte, and quickly. Do you know the accused?”

“I have known him all my life.”

“What can you tell the Court about him?”

“He is an aristocrat and a Royalist, therefore the enemy of the Republic; also a devout Catholic, therefore the enemy of mankind.”



“What is his business in the city of Toulon? Why is he found here?”

“He was one of those who invited the English into the town. It was thought that Marseilles, Lyons, and Toulon would all hold out together, and be three centers for rallying the Royalists. The Count was strong in favor of English intervention.”

“Have you anything further to depose, Citizen Gavotte?” asked the Court.

“Nothing more.”

“Accused, have you anything to ask the witness?”

“Nothing,” replied the Count.

“Citizen Arnault,” said the President, “you have heard the evidence. You are charged with inviting the enemies of the Republic to insult with their presence the sacred soil of the Republic; you have delivered into their hands the fleets of France; you have destroyed the arsenals and the munitions of war. Have you anything to urge in defense?”

“Nothing.”

“You admit the charge, then?”

“I admit the charge. It is quite true. I would not willingly waste the time of this honorable Court. There are many hundreds of honest people waiting their turn to be treated as you treated the people of Lyons. I have nothing more to say.”

“Death!” said Commissioner Fréron.

The Count heard the sentence with a slight bow. Then the soldiers led him away to the other end of the Place, where the prisoners already sentenced were gathered together waiting their turn, men and women. As for the former, they affected indifference; but the women, with clasped hands and white faces, gazed into the light of day, which they were to see no more; and some hung upon the shoulders of husband or lover; and some sat together, their arms about each other's necks, whispering that they should not be separated for many moments, and that the pang of death was momentary.

The Count spoke to no one, but he turned his head slowly, surveying the scene as if it was a very curious and interesting spectacle, full of odd and amusing details, which he would not willingly forget. The ragged soldiers, the mock dignity of the Court, seemed to amuse him. But among those who stood among the soldiers, he suddenly



observed the fellow who had given evidence against him. He was crouching in the crowd, his eyes aglow with hatred and eagerness to see the carrying out of the sentence. With a gesture of authority the Count beckoned him. The man, perhaps from force of habit, obeyed. So for a moment they stood face to face. Truly, they were so much like each other that you might have taken them for brothers.

"Louis," said the Count, speaking as one speaks to a dependent or a humble friend, "it needed not thy testimony, my friend. I was already sentenced. Pity that I could not die without finding out that you were my enemy—you."

The man said nothing.

"Why, Louis, why?" the Count continued. "We were boys together; once we were playfellows. I loved thee in the old days, before thy wild ways broke thy mother's heart. It was not I, but my father, who bade thee begone from the village for a vaurien. Why, then, Louis?"

"Your name and your estate should have belonged to me, and gone to my son. I was born before you, though my mother was not married to—your father."

"Indeed!" said the Count, coldly. "So this rankled, did it? Poor Louis! I never suspected it. Yet my death will not undo the past. Louis, I shall be shot, but thou wilt not inherit the name or the estate."

"I shall buy the estate," said the man. "Estates of *émigrés* and traitors can be bought for nothing in these times; so that after all the elder brother will inherit."

"And yet, Louis, 'tis pity; because thy brother's death will now be laid to thy charge. There can be, methinks, little joy for one who murders his brother."

The man's face flushed.

"What do I care?" he said. "Go to be shot, and when you fall, remember that the vineyards and the olive-groves will be mine—the property of the brother who was sent away in disgrace, to be a gambler, a poet, a dancing-master—anything."

"My brother," the Count replied, "thou hast changed thy name. It is no longer Leroy, nor Gavotte, but Cain. Farewell, brother, enjoy the estates and be happy."

He dismissed him with a gesture cold and disdainful.

"Enjoy thy estates, Cain."



Citizen Gavotte slunk back; but he waited on the Place watching, until his brother fell.

Meantime the Commissioners of the Republic continued to administer justice, and the file of soldiers continued to execute it, and every man and woman had his fair turn and no favor, which the Republic always granted to its prisoners; and each one, when his turn came, stood before the pointed muskets, and then fell heavily, white of cheek, his heart beating no longer, upon the stones.

When Justice was thoroughly satisfied, which took several days, and the remnant of the Toulonnais was reduced to slender proportions, they threw the bodies into the Mediterranean, where they lie to this day.

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## CHAPTER I.

### IN MY GARDEN.

THE village of Portchester is a place of great antiquity, but it is little, and, except for its old Castle, of no account. Its houses are all contained in a single street, beginning at the Castle gate and ending long before you reach the Portsmouth and Fareham road, which is only a quarter of a mile from the Castle. Most of them are mere cottages, with thatched or red-tiled roofs, but they are not mean or squalid cottages; the folk are well-to-do, though humble, and every house in the village, small or great, is covered all over, back and front, with climbing roses. The roses cluster over the porches, they climb over the red tiles; they peep into the latticed windows, they cover and almost hide the chimney. In the summer months the air is heavy with their perfume; every cottage is a bower of roses; the flowers linger sometimes far into the autumn, and come again with the first warm days of June. Nowhere in the country, I am sure, though I have seen few other places, is there such a village for roses. Apart from its flowers I confess that the place has little worthy of notice; it can not even show a church, because its church is within the Castle walls, and quite hidden from the village.

On a certain afternoon of April, in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and two, the color of the leaves was just beginning to show on the elms, the buds were swelled in the chestnuts, the blossom was out on the al-



mond, and the hedges were already green. The sunshine was so warm that one could bring one's work out to the porch, with a shawl round the neck; the village was not quiet, and yet it was peaceful; that is to say, there were the ordinary sounds which are expected, and therefore do not annoy. The children were playing and shouting, the soldiers were disputing outside the tavern door, the village blacksmith and his two apprentices were hammering something on a tuneful anvil, which rang true at every stroke like a great bell; the barber was flouring a wig at the open door, and whistling through his teeth over the job, as a groom whistles while he rubs down a horse; a flock of geese walked along the road croaking and calling to each other; a dog barked after his sheep, keeping them in order, and the cobbler sitting in his door-way was singing aloud while he cut the leather, adjusted it, and hammered it into place. Sometimes he sung out merrily, sometimes he sung low. This was according as the work went easily and to his liking, or the contrary. 'Twas a rogue who always had some merry ditty in his mouth, and to-day it was the famous ale-house song which begins:

“ I've cheated the parson, I'll cheat him agen;  
 For why should the rogue have one pig in ten?  
     One pig in ten,  
     One pig in ten,  
 Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?”

Here something interrupted his song and his work, but immediately afterward he went on again:

“ One pig in ten,  
     One pig in ten,  
 Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?”

When I had resolved to write down my history, and was considering how best to relate it, there came into my mind, quite unexpectedly, a single afternoon. At first there seemed no reason why this day more than any other should be remembered. Yet the memory of it is persistent, and has so forced itself upon me that every moment of it now stands out as clear and distinct before my eyes as if it were painted on canvas. Perhaps in the world to come we shall have the power and the will to recall day by day the whole of our lives, and so be enabled to live each moment again, and as often as we please and as long as we please. I con-



fess that I am so poorly endowed with spiritual gifts that I should desire nothing better than to prolong at will the blessed years of love and happiness with my husband (who, to be sure, has never ceased to be my lover) and my children. But Madame Claire (who was never married) says that the joys of our earthly life will appear to us hereafter as poor, unworthy things, and that subjects of more holy contemplation will be provided for us which will more fitly occupy our thoughts. That may be so, and if any one now living in this world should know aught of the next it is Madame Claire, a saint, though a Roman Catholic, and formerly a nun. Still, for one who has tasted the joys of earthly love and been a mother of children, the memory of these, or their renewal, would seem enough happiness for ever and ever. Amen.

The day which came into my head is that day in spring of which I have just spoken. The porch in which I was sitting belonged to a house in a great garden, which stretched back from the village street. The garden was full of everything which can grow in this country. Apple- and pear-trees were trained in frames beside the beds. These were bare as yet, except for the cabbages, but in a month or two they would be green with pease and beans, asparagus, lettuce, and everything else of green herbs that is good for food. There were glass frames for cucumbers and melons; a great glass house for grapes and peaches; there was quite a forest of raspberry canes, gooseberry and currant bushes; and there was an orchard full of fruit-trees, apples of the choicest kinds, such as the golden pip-pin, the ribston and king pip-pin, and the golden russet; there were also pears. Windsor and jargonelle, plums and damsons, cherries and mulberries, Siberian crab and med-lar. Again, if the beds were full of vegetables, the narrow edges were planted with all kinds of herbs good for the still-room and for medicines—such as lavender for the linen, to take away the nasty smell of the soap; the tall tansy for puddings; thyme, parsley, mint, fennel, and sage for the kitchen; rosemary, marjoram, southern-wood, feverfew, sweetbrier, for medicines and strong waters. Among the herbs flourished, though not yet in bloom, such flowers as will grow without trouble, such as double stocks, carnations, gillyflowers, crocus, lily-of-the-valley, bachelors'-buttons, mignonette, nasturtium, sunflower, monkshood, lu-



pins, and tall hollyhocks. In short, it was, and is still, a beautiful, bounteous, and generous garden, the equal and like of which I have never seen.

The house stood in one corner of the garden, its gable-end turned to the road. Like all the houses in the village, it was covered with roses, and, except the Vicarage, it was the most considerable house in the place. It was of red brick, and had a porch in the front, facing a broad lawn, which served for a bowling-green. The porch was of wood, painted white, and was so broad that there was a bench on either side, where one could be sheltered from north and east winds. At the back of the house a brick wall marked one boundary of our land. It was an ancient broad wall, with no stint of red bricks, such as I love, and covered with moss and lichen—green, gray, red, and yellow. In the places where the mortar had fallen out grew pellitory and green rue, while the top of the wall was bright with yellow stonecrop, tall grasses, and wallflowers already in blossom. The wall ran from the road to within a short distance of high-water mark, where it was succeeded by a wooden paling. Thus our garden was bounded on three sides by road, wall, and sea; on the fourth side it was separated from the Castle by a field of coarse grass, growing in tufts and tall bents. Under the shelter of the brick wall was a row of bee-hives; a mighty humming they made in summer evenings, and a profitable thing was their honey when it came in, for, of all living creatures, the sailor has the sweetest tooth.

There is always work to do, and some one doing it, in this great garden all the year round. This afternoon the boys were busy among the beds. Sally stood over them, rope's-end in hand, but more for ornament and the badge of office, as the bo's'n carries his cane, than for use, though every boy in our employment had tasted of that rope's-end. Her father, sitting on a wheelbarrow, had a broom in his hand and a pipe in his mouth, thus giving his countenance, so to speak, to the boys' work. To look at him you would have thought that his working days were now over and done, so wrinkled was his face and so bent his shoulders. Yet he was only seventy-five, and lived for twenty years longer.

He it was who managed the boat, taking her down the creek every morning, summer and winter, wet or dry, fair



weather or foul, high tide or low. Every sailor in the King's ships knew the boat and the old man, commonly called Daddy, who rowed or sailed her; and every sailor knew Porchester Sal, the bumboat-woman, who came along-side in the morning with a boat-load of everything belonging to the season; who knew all the young gentlemen, and even had a word for the first lieutenant. As for the tars, she freely talked with them in their own language, and a rough language that is. She would also, it was said, drink about with any of them, and, in the cold mornings, when the air was raw, smoked a pipe of tobacco in the boat. At this time she was five-and-forty years of age, and single. She dressed in all seasons alike, in a sailor's jacket, with a short petticoat and great waterman's boots. For head-gear she never wore anything but a thick thread cap, tied tightly to her head; round her neck was a red woolen wrapper, the ends tucked under the jacket. Her face was as red and weather-beaten as any sailor's, her hands were as rough and hard; and I verily believe that her arms were as strong with the daily handling of the oars, the carrying of the baskets, the digging, weeding, and planting of the garden, and the correction of the boys.

This garden was my own, mine inheritance, bequeathed to me by my mother's father, and a providential bequest it proved. The boat was my own. Daddy and Sally were my own, I suppose, for they belonged to the garden. And they sold for us, on board the ship or in the town, the fruits and vegetables in due season. They also prepared and sold to the purveyors of ships' stores, and for those who sold smuggled tea secretly—there are many such in Portsmouth—a great quantity of leaves picked by the boys from the sloe, ash, and elm-trees, dried ready for mixing with the real tea. And Sally also grew for the herbalists a great quantity of plants for those concoctions which some people think better than any doctors' stuff.

We had not always lived in Porchester. We lived, when I first remember anything, in a great house in Bloomsbury Square, close to Bedford House. Here we had footmen and a coach, and were, as my father daily in after years reminded me, very great people, indeed, he being nothing less than an Alderman. "But, my dear," he was wont to say, "I persuaded myself to retire." Here he sighed heavily. "In the City we are born to amass wealth, but



I retired. I was already but three years off the Mansion House—but I retired. Well,” here he would look about the room, which was, to be sure, small and ill-furnished, “the world seldom enjoys the spectacle of a substantial merchant retiring into obscurity in a country cottage.” Here he sighed again.

He retired when I was a little girl of eight or nine, so that I knew nothing of the circumstances connected with his retirement, but I understood well enough that he deeply regretted that step, and longed to be back again on ‘Change.

In two words, we now lived in this small house; and my father, instead of directing the affairs of a great London business, took the accounts daily from Sally on her return from the harbor. And a very flourishing and prosperous business it was, while the war lasted; and, though I neither knew nor inquired, it not only kept us in comfort, but enabled my father to keep up the appearance of a substantial merchant; gave him guineas to jingle in his pocket, and preserved for him among the officers and others who used the best room at the tavern of an evening, the dignity and authority which he loved.

At this time I was nineteen years of age. Alas! it is more than twenty years ago. Good King George is dead at last, and I am nearly forty years old. The garden still lies before me, with its fruit-trees, its flowers, and the bees, but what has become of the girl of nineteen? Oh, what becomes of our youth and beauty? Whither do they go when they leave us? Whither go the fresh and rosy cheeks, the dancing eyes, and the smiling lips? What becomes of them when they disappear and leave no trace behind? Those were blue eyes which Raymond loved, and the curls which it pleased him to dangle in his hands and twirl about his fingers, were light brown; and as for the pink and white of the cheeks—nay, it matters not. The girl was comely, and she found favor in the sight of the only man she could ever love. What more, but to thank the Giver of all good things? Love and beauty are among the fruits of the earth, for which we pray that they may be given us in due season.

I was sitting in the porch, pretending to be engaged in cutting out and making a new frock. I remember that the stuff was a gray camblet, which is a useful material,



and that the frock was already so far advanced that the lining was cut and basted on the camblet. But I was not thinking at all about the work; for, oh! what should a girl think about the very day after her lover had spoken to her? Spoken, do I say? Nay, knelt before her and prayed to her, and sworn such vows as made her heart leap up, and her cheek first flush with joy and then turn pale with terror; for it is the property of love to fill us first with gladness unspeakable and then with fear. And, besides, I heard voices in the parlor, the window being open, and I knew very well whose voices they were, viz., those of the Vicar and my father, and that they were talking of Raymond and myself. For the Vicar had always been the patron and protector of the Arnolds, but it could not be denied they came from France, and my father hated all Frenchmen.

Presently, however, the conference was over and they both came out together, my father carrying himself, it seemed to me, with more than his usual dignity. Heavens! what a Lord Mayor he would have made, had Heaven so willed it! Authority sat upon his brow; wealth and success were stamped upon his face. He spoke slowly, and as one whose words bring a blessing upon those who hear them. A corpulence above the common, joined to a stature also above the common, a commanding nose, thick eyebrows, and a deep voice, all joined in producing the effect of great natural dignity.

While my father walked upright, swelling with consequence, the Vicar beside him might have been the domestic chaplain to some great nobleman in the presence of his master. For, being tall and thin, and with a stooping figure, he seemed to be deferring to the judgment of a superior. Yet, as his eyes met mine, there was in them a look of encouragement which raised my hopes.

“Ha!” he said, standing before the porch, “your garden is always before mine, Molly. There is goodly promise for the year, they tell me. Well, Naboth’s vineyard was not more desirable. Perhaps Ahab looked down upon it from the keep of his castle, which, I dare say, greatly resembled yon great tower. It is a goodly garden. It is a garden which in the spring should fill the heart with hope, and in the autumn with gratitude.

“’Tis well enough,” said my father, taking my seat.



“ ’Tis well enough, and serves to amuse the child. It grows a small trifle of fruit too, sufficient—ay, ’tis sufficient—for the modest wants of this poor house.”

No doubt one who has known such greatness as my father had enjoyed could talk in such a manner concerning the garden. But—a trifle!

“ In former days, Vicar,” my father continued, “ we had our early pease and hot-house grapes from Covent Garden. But a merchant who retires into the country has to content himself with whatever trifle of garden he may light upon.”

“ True, sir; ’tis very true. But to our business. Molly, I have this evening been an ambassador to thy father from—nay—thou canst surely guess, child; indeed, in thy cheeks I see that thou hast guessed rightly.”

“ From Raymond, Molly,” my father added, kindly. “ From the young man, Raymond Arnold.”

“ I have pointed out to thy father, Molly, that a gentleman of the ancient county of Provence is not a Frenchman, though he may for the time be under French rule. He speaks not the same tongue; he hath not the same ancestry. Wherefore, thy father’s first objection against Frenchmen doth not hold in the case of Raymond.”

“ This I grant,” said my father.

“ Did not his father die in support of those principles for which we are still contending? And, again,” the Vicar continued, “ ’tis a lad of honorable descent and of illustrious foreign rank, if that were of importance.”

“ It is not,” said my father. “ There is no more honorable descent than to be the child of a substantial London merchant. Talk not to me, sir, of French Nobles. Heard one ever of an English Peer teaching a mere accomplishment for a living?”

“ Very well, sir; but it is to the point that he is a lad of good morals and sound principle; no drinker or brawler; who enjoys already some success in his calling.”

“ These things, Vicar, are much more to the point.”

“ In short, Molly,” said the Vicar, turning to me, “ thy father consents to this match, but it must be on a condition.”

“ Oh, sir!” I kissed my father’s hand. “ You are all goodness. Is it for me to dispute any condition you may think well to impose?”



"The condition, Molly," said the Vicar, "is that no change may be made in the existing arrangements."

"Why, sir, what change should be made?"

"When daughters marry, my child, they generally go away and leave their fathers; or they even turn their fathers out to make room for the husbands."

Lovers are a selfish folk. I had not considered the difference which my marriage might make to my father.

"Sir," I threw myself at his feet, "this house is yours. If there is room in it for Raymond as well, we shall be grateful to you."

"Good girl," he said, raising me, "good girl; I will continue to manage this little property for thee, to be sure." He looked at the house with condescension. "The cottage is small, yet it is comfortable; in appearance it is hardly worthy of a substantial merchant, yet my habits are simple; the situation is quiet, and the garden fruits are, as I said before, sufficient for my wants. I have retired from the City; I desire no more riches than I have. I would willingly end my days here. Enough said, child; I wish thee"—he kissed me on the forehead—"I wish thee all happiness, my dear."

This said, he rose with dignity, as if no more need be said, and walked out to the garden gate, and so to the tavern, where the better sort met daily.

"So," said the Vicar, "here is a pretty day's work—two young fools made happy. Well, I pray that it may turn out well; a fools' paradise is a very pretty place when one is young. He loves thee, that is very sure; why, thou wilt be a Countess—ho! ho!—Countess Molly, when thou art married, child; Sally will leave off taking the boat down the harbor, I suppose, unless Raymond paints a coronet upon the bows and thy new name, Madame la Comtesse d'Eyragues."

Then the Vicar left me and departed; but he stopped in the road, and listened to the cobbler singing his eternal refrain:

"One pig in ten,  
One pig in ten,

Why should the rogue have one pig in ten?"

"Jacob," he said, "must thy song ever smack of the pot-house? And when did thy Vicar ask thee for a pig?"

"With submission, your reverence," said Jacob, ham-



mer in air. "What odds for the words so the music fits the work?"

"Idle words, Jacob, are like the thistledown, which flies unheeded over the fields, and afterward produces weeds of its kind. Would not the Old Hundredth suit thy turn?"

Jacob shook his head.

"Nay, sir," he said, "my kind of work is not like yours. The making of a sermon, I doubt not, is mightily helped by the Old Hundredth or Alleluia; but cobbling is delicate work, and wants a tune that runs up and down, and may be sung quick or slow, according as the work lays in heel or toe. I tried Alleluia, but Lord! I took two days with Alleluia over a job that with 'Morgan Rattler' or 'Black Jack' I could have knocked off in three hours."

"In that case, Jacob," said the Vicar, "the Church will forgive thee thy fib of one pig in ten."

When they were gone I sat down again, my heart much lighter, though my mind was agitated with thinking of what we should have done had my father withheld his consent. And for some time I heard nothing that went on, though Sally administered the rope's-end to one of the boys, and the cobbler went on singing and the children shouting.

Presently, however, I was disagreeably interrupted by the trampling of a horse's hoofs, the barking of dogs, the cracking of a whip, and a loud, harsh voice, railing at a stable-boy. The voice it was which affected me, because I knew it for the voice of my cousin Tom, who had been drinking and laying bets with some of the officers all the morning, and was now about to ride home. Then the horse came clattering down the street, and he saw me in the porch, I suppose, for he drew rein at the gate and bawled out, his voice being thick with drink:

"Molly, Cousin Molly, I say! Come to the gate—come closer. Well, I have to-day heard a pretty thing of thee—a pretty thing, Molly," he said; "truly, nothing less than that you want to marry a Frenchman, a beggarly Frenchman."

"What business is that of yours?" I asked.

"You may tell him, Mistress Molly, that I shall horse-whip him."

I laughed in his face. A girl always believes that her lover is the bravest of men.

"You, Tom? Why, to be sure, Raymond does not de-



sire to fight his sweetheart's cousin; but if you so much as lift your little finger at him, I promise you, big as you are, that you will be sorry for it."

At this he used dreadful language, swearing what he would do when he should meet the man I preferred to himself.

"And him a Frenchman, Molly," he concluded. "To think of it! Wouldn't throw me over for a beggarly Frenchman? But wait, only wait till I have made him roar for mercy and beg my pardon on his knees. Then perhaps—"

"Oh!" I cried, "go away quickly, lest he should come and take you at your word."

He began to swear again, but suddenly stopped and went away, cantering along the road, followed by his dogs; and, though I knew my Raymond to be brave and strong, I was glad that he did not meet this half-drunken cousin of mine in his angry mood.

Tom Wilgress, my mother's nephew, and therefore my own first cousin, who afterward broke his neck over a hedge fox-hunting, was then a young man about five-and-twenty. He was of a sturdy and well-built figure, but his cheeks were already red and puffed up with strong drink. He had a small estate, which he bequeathed to me, part of which he farmed, and part let out to tenants. It was situated north of Portsdown Hill, under the Forest of Bere. But the greater part of his time he spent at the Castle or the village tavern drinking, smoking tobacco, making bets, running races, badger-drawing, cock-fighting, and all kinds of sport with the officers of the garrison. He professed to be in love with me, and continually entreated me to marry him, a thing which I could not contemplate without horror. Sometimes he would fall on his knees and supplicate me with tears, swearing that he loved me better than his life (he did not say better than a bowl of punch), and sometimes he would threaten me with dreadful pains and punishments if I continued in my contumacy.

This evening I clearly foresaw, from the redness of his face, the thickness of his voice, and a certain glassy look in his eye, that he was about to adopt the latter method. Heaven pity the wife of such a man as my cousin Tom! But he is now dead, and hath left me his estate, wherefore



I will speak of him no more evil than I can help, yet must speak the truth.

When he was gone I returned to my work.

Presently I was again interrupted, this time by Madame Claire. She had with her one of the French prisoners. It was a young man whom we all knew very well. He was a sous-lieutenant, which means some kind of ensign in a French infantry regiment, about Raymond's age—that is, between twenty-three and twenty-four—and had been a prisoner for three years. We knew a great many of the French officers; this was natural, because we were the only people in the village who could talk their language. I say we, because the Arnolds taught me, and in their cottage we spoke both French and Provençal. But this young man was our special friend; he was the friend of Raymond, whom he called his brother, and of Madame Claire, whom he called his mother. Of course, therefore, he was my friend as well. The reasons for the affection we bore him were many. First, he came from the South of France, and was therefore a countryman of Raymond's, and had spoken, like Raymond, the language of the South when a child. Next, when he was first landed he fell ill with some kind of malignant fever, which I believe would have carried him off but for Madame Claire, who nursed him, sitting with him day and night, a service for which he was ever grateful. Thirdly, he was a young man of the happiest disposition, the kindest heart, and the sweetest manners possible.

As he came from the same part of the country, it was not strange that he should be like Raymond, those of Southern France being all dark of complexion, and with black hair and eyes. But it was remarkable that he should be so very much like him that they might be taken for twins. They were of the same height, which was something under the average height of an Englishman; their heads were of the same shape, their eyes and hair of the same shade, their chins rounded in the same way; even their voices were the same.

The resemblance was the greater this evening because, his own uniform having fallen into rags, Pierre wore the dress of a civilian, a brown coat and a round hat. His hair was neatly tied and powdered, his linen was clean; he might have passed very well for what they call the country Jessamy.



Of course, those who knew them well, knew the difference between the two, just as a shepherd knows each sheep, though they seem to the general world all exactly alike. So many were their points of difference, that it was impossible to mistake one for the other. Pierre was of a larger and stouter frame, in manner he was more vivacious, his step was livelier, his gestures more marked, he talked more. It was strange to note that Pierre, as well as Raymond, had what is called the air of distinction. No one could fail to remark that he looked, as we in England should say, every inch a gentleman, and carried himself accordingly, yet with something of the French gallantry and swagger which was not unbecoming. Yet he was by birth a son of the people; he came, like General Hoche, the soldier whom most he admired, from the gutter, and he was proud of it. Raymond, for his part, was of a more quiet habit—you would have taken him for a scholar—who talked little; a dreamer, contented to accept whatever fortune offered. Had he been a soldier, he might have had the same ambitions as his friend, but he would have talked about them less.

“Their faces,” said Mme. Claire, “are those of my countrymen. Some call it the Roman face; you may see it on the old monuments in the cemetery of Arles. Bonaparte is reported to have this face, though he is but a Corsican.”

I have never seen any nuns, but when I hear or read of them I must needs think of Mme. Claire, who had been what is called a *religieuse*, but I know not of what kind. In religion she was named Sister Angélique, but her Christian name was Claire. She wore a frock of blue stuff with a long cloak of the same; on her head was a cap or hood of the same, with a white starched cap beneath; she had also a large white collar, round her neck was a gold chain with a crucifix, and in her hand she always carried a book, because her rules obliged her to read prayers at certain hours all through the day. She spent her time chiefly in the Castle infirmary, where she nursed and comforted the sick prisoners. Her face was pale, but sweet to look upon, and to me it seemed always as if she never thought of herself at all, but always of the person with whom she was speaking.

We are taught that to hide in a convent is but to ex-



change one set of temptations for another, but it would surely be a blessed thing if our Church allowed men and women to renounce the things in which we weaker creatures place our happiness (such as love, marriage, and tender children, or place, power, and wealth); and to give all their labor and thought for the good of others. This is what Mme. Claire did.

“Great news!” cried Pierre. “Great news indeed! Peace is concluded and signed. We are all going to be returned.”

This was news indeed. For four or five months nothing else had been spoken of; but though there was a cessation of hostilities, there was always the fear that the negotiations would be broken off.

“Peace!” I replied. “And what have they done for the *émigrés*?”

“I believe they have done nothing. *Vive la paix!*—until we are ready to go home again. Then, tap-tap goes the drum, and to the field again, and I come home a colonel at least.”

“I understand not,” said Madame, “how peace can be concluded unless the King returns with the nobles, and the old order is established again.”

“The old order!” Pierre laughed. “Oh, *ma mère*, the old order is the old world before the Deluge. But you do not understand. Whatever else returns, the old order will never return. Why, will a people, once free, return to slavery?”

“But for what else has Great Britain fought, except for the old order?”

“I know not, indeed. But this I know, that the old order is dead and buried.”

Certainly there was never any man who more honestly believed in the Revolution than Pierre. Yet not like the wretches who were our first prisoners in that war, who shouted the Carmagnole and tossed their caps in the air, filled with hatred for priests and aristos. They were gone, and they would never come back again.

“How, then,” said Madame, “are we to go back again, unless they return as our property?”

“Your property is sold and your rights are lost,” Pierre replied. “Come back and join the people. You are no longer a separate caste, we are all French together. Well,



if you please, we will carve a slice out of Germany and give it to you. And your share, *ma mère*, I will conquer for you with my own sword."

In the evening, when they were gone, I had another visitor—Raymond himself—and we talked together as lovers do, of nothing but ourselves. The peace was signed. It was not possible that Great Britain had abandoned the *émigrés*; some compensation would be made. For his part, he loved not the new order in France, and decided not to live there; he would be an Englishman; but with this compensation, he would do this and that, always with me. Oh, the dear, delightful talk!

I went with him at nine o'clock to the garden gate. Sally was standing there waiting for us, her arms akimbo—well, with her short petticoats and big boots she looked exactly like a sailor.

"So, young gentleman," she said, "I hear that my mistress has promised to marry you."

"Indeed she has, Sally."

"A lucky and a happy man her husband will be."

"He will, Sally."

"We have known you a long time, Mr. Raymond."

"More than eight years, Sally."

"And yet it can't be denied that you are a Frenchman, much the same as those poor fellows now in the Castle."

"I am an Englishman now, Sally, because I shall have an English wife, which of course naturalizes a man."

"I hope," said Sally, "that it's more than skin-deep, and that we sha'n't have no fallings off."

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## CHAPTER II.

### PORCHESTER CASTLE.

THE Castle, which, now that the long wars are over, one hopes for many years, is silent and deserted, its ruined courts empty, its crumbling walls left to decay, presented a different appearance indeed in the spring of the year 1802. For in those days it was garrisoned by two regiments of militia, and was occupied by the prodigious number of eight thousand prisoners.

I am told that there are other ancient castles in the country even more extensive and more stately than Por-



chester; but I have never seen them, and am quite satisfied to believe that for grandeur, extent, and the awe of antiquity, there can be none which can surpass, and few which can pretend to equal, this monument. It is certainly ruinous in parts, yet still so strong as to serve for a great prison, but it is not overthrown, and its crumbling walls, broken roofs, and dismantled chambers surround the place with a solemnity which affects the most careless visitor.

It is so ancient that there are some who pretend that parts of it may belong to British times, while it is certain that the whole of the outer wall was built by the Romans. In imitation of their camps, it stands four-square, and has hollow round towers in the sides and at the corners. The spot was chosen, not at the mouth of the harbor, the Britons having no means of attacking ships entering or going out; but at the very head of the harbor, where the creek runs up between the shallows, which are banks of mud at low water. Hither came the Roman galleys, laden with military stores, to land them under the protection of the Castle. When the Romans went away, and the Saxons came, who loved not fighting behind walls, they neglected the fortress, but built a church within the walls, and there laid their dead. When in their turn the Normans came, they built a castle after their own fashion, within the Roman walls. This is the stronghold, containing four square towers and a fortified entrance. And the Normans built the water-gate and the gate tower. The rest of the great space became the outer bailly of the Castle. They also added battlements to the wall, and dug a moat, which they filled with sea-water at high tide.

The battlements of the Normans are now broken down or crumbling away; great patches of the rubble work have fallen here and there. Yet one can walk round the narrow ledge designed for the bowmen. The wall is crowned with waving grass and wall-flowers, and up the sides grow elder-bushes, blackberry, ivy, bramble, as luxuriantly as in any hedge beyond Portsdown. If you step out through the water-gate, which is now roofless, with little left to show its former splendor, except a single massive column, you will find, at high tide, the water lapping the lowest stones of the towers, just as it did when the Romans built them. Instead of the old galleys, which must have been light in draught, to come up Porchester Creek, there are now lying



half a dozen boats, the whole fleet of the little village. On the other side of the water are the wooded islets of Great and Little Horsea, and I suppose they look to-day much as they did a thousand years ago. On this side you look toward the east; but, if you get to the south side of the Castle, and walk across a narrow meadow which lies between the wall and the sea, you have a very different view. For you look straight across the harbor to its very mouth, three miles away; you gaze upon a forest of masts and upon ships of every kind, from the stately man-o'-war to the saucy pink, and, twenty years ago, of every nation—because, in those days, we seemed at war with half the world—from the French-built frigate, the most beautiful ship that floats, to the Mediterranean xebec, all of them prizes. Here they lie, some ready for sea, some just arrived, some battered by shot, some newly repaired and fresh from the yard; some—it seems a cruel fate for ships which have fought the battles of their country—converted into hulks for convicts and for prisoners; some store-ships—why, there is no end to the number and the kind of the ships lying in the harbor. They could tell, if they could speak, of many a battle and many a storm; some of them are as old as the days of Admiral Benbow; one poor old hulk is so old that she was once a man-o'-war in the old Dutch wars of Charles the Second, and carried on board, it is said, the Duke of York himself.

—In the dock-yard, within the harbor, the wooden walls of England are built; here they are fitted up; from this place they go forth to fight the French. Heavens! how many ships we sent forth every year! How many were built in the yard! How many brave fellows were sacrificed year after year before the insatiable rage for war which possessed one man, and through him, all Europe, could be overcome, and the tyrant confined in his cage, like a wild beast, until he should die!

Standing under those walls, I say, we could look straight down the harbor to the forts which guard its entrance; we could see in the upper part the boats plying backward and forward; we could hear the booming of the salutes; we could even see the working of the semaphore, by whose mysterious arms news is conveyed to London in half an hour. And the sight of the ships, the movement of the harbor, the distant banging of the guns, made one, even



one who lived in so quiet a village as Porchester, feel as if one was taking part in the great events which shook the world. It was a hard time to many, and an anxious time for all; a time full of lavish expenditure for the country; a time when bread was dear and work scarce, with trade bad and prospects uncertain. Alas! with what beating of heart did we wait for news, and gather together to listen when a newspaper was brought to the village! For still it seemed as if, defeat his navies though we might, and though we chased his cruisers off the seas, and tore down the French flag from his colonies, the Corsican Usurper was marching from one triumph to another, until the whole of Europe, save Russia and England, was subjugated and laid prostrate at his feet.

As for bad times, we at Porchester—so near to Portsmouth, where all the shop-keepers were making their fortunes, and the ships caused so great a daily expenditure of money—felt them but little, save for the cost of coals, which were, I remember, as much as fifty shillings a ton; and the lack of French brandy, which we women never wanted to drink, and of Gascony, or claret wine, which we replaced, quite to our own satisfaction, with the delicate cowslip or the wholesome ginger made in our own homes. Think, however, if there were so many men afloat—a hundred and twenty thousand sailors in His Majesty's Navy alone, to say nothing of those aboard the merchant ships, coasters, colliers, and privateers—there were also so many women ashore, and so many hearts torn with anxiety at the news of every engagement. Custom hardens the heart, and no doubt many, even of those who loved their husbands tenderly, rose up in the morning and went to bed at night with no more than a simple prayer for his safety. You shall hear, however, one woman's history, by which you may learn to feel for others. What am I, and what have I done, that, while so many poor creatures were stricken with life-long grief, my shadow should have given place to sunshine, my sorrow to joy?

The outer ward of the Castle was open every Sunday, because the church stands in the south-east corner. It is the old Saxon church altered by the Normans. Formerly it was shaped like a cross; but one of the arms has long since fallen down. The nave is long and narrow, and rather dark, which pleased Mme. Claire, because it reminded her



of the churches of Provence, which, it seems, are all kept dark on account of the hot sunshine outside. On one side of the nave is hung up a great wooden picture of the Royal Arms, with the lion and the unicorn, to remind us of our loyalty; at the end is a gallery where the choir sit on Sundays, and below the gallery an old stone font, ornamented, like the chancel, with round arches curiously interlaced, very pretty, though much worn with age. In the churchyard outside, there is an old yew among the graves. As for tombstones, they are few, because, when a villager dies, the mound which marks his grave is known as long as his memory lasts, which is as long as his children, or at most his grandchildren, survive him. What need of a tombstone when the man, obscure in his life, is clean forgotten? And how many, even of the great, are remembered longer than these villagers?

To this church we came every Sunday; my father and I sitting in the pew on the right hand of the chancel, and after the prisoners' return, Mme. Claire and Raymond with us. The left-hand pew was occupied by Mr. Phipps, retired purser, and his wife, a haughty lady, daughter of a Portsmouth purveyor to the fleet. In the long nave, never half filled, sat the villagers; the choir were in the gallery at the end, where we had music of violin, violoncello, and flute; in the transept were the soldiers of the garrison, near the church door, so that in case of trouble they might troop out quickly.

There were no gentlefolk in the village, unless we count ourselves. I am well aware that people who sell fruit and vegetables from a market-boat, even though the head of the family be an Alderman, can not be regarded as belonging to the Quality. But if a woman is by marriage raised to her husband's rank, it is beyond question that my own position, had every one her rights, should be among the noblest in the county, even though the boat still goes down the harbor (the profits being very far short of what they were in the war time), and though some persons, jealous of my connection with the old French nobility, sniff, as I am informed, at the pretensions of a market-gardener. Sniffing can not extinguish birth; and perhaps now that we are in easier circumstances, and have succeeded to my cousin Tom's estate, my son may one day resume the ancient title.

Outside the gates, the village tavern, now so quiet the



week through, except on Saturday evenings, was crowded all day long, with soldiers drinking, smoking tobacco, and talking about the war. There was a canteen in the Castle, but the men preferred the tavern, because, I suppose, it was more home-like. In the evening there was a nightly gathering, or club, held in the upper room, where the officers, with a few gentlemen from the village, assembled to take their punch.

The regiments in garrison in the year 1801, were the Royal Dorset Militia and the Denbigh Militia, under the command of Colonel the Hon. George Pitt, afterward second Lord Rivers, at this time a man of fifty years.

There were in the Castle at that date no fewer than eight thousand prisoners. It seems an incredible number to be confined in one place, but in this country altogether thirty-five thousand French prisoners were confined, of whom four thousand were at Forton, near Gosport; nine thousand in the hulks in the harbor, and I know not how many at Waltham, in Essex; at Norman Cross; at Plymouth, and up the Medway. These men were not, it is true, all French sailors; but they comprised the very pick and flower of the French Navy. Why, the pretended peace of 1802, for what purpose was it concluded but to get back those sailors whom we fought again at Trafalgar? As for exchange, 'tis true that France had some ten thousand English prisoners, with a few thousand Hanoverians; but the advantage was all on their side.

A great fortress, with eight thousand prisoners and a garrison of two thousand men within a stone's throw of the village, yet their presence disturbed us little. In the daytime those prisoners who were on parole walked out of the Castle, it is true, but they made no disturbance, the common sort, of course, were not suffered out on parole at all, so that we never saw them unless we went into the Castle. Their provisions were sent up the harbor from Portsmouth; it was by the same way that most of the visitors came to see them. Within the Castle, among the prisoners, were farriers, blacksmiths, tailors, shoe-makers, and tradesmen of every kind, so that they had no occasion to go outside for anything except for poultry, eggs, and fresh butter, which the farmers' wives brought to the Castle from the country round. As for the fare of the prisoners, it must be owned that it was of the simplest. Yet, how many a



poor man in this country would be thankful could he look forward confidently to receive every day a pound and a half of bread and half a pound of beef, with vegetables! No beer or rum was served out, but those who had money might buy it in the canteen, and that of the best and at a cheap rate.

All that we heard of the prisoners was the beating of the drums and the blowing of the whistles in the morning and evening. At night there were a hundred sentries posted round the Castle, almost close to each other, and every half hour the sergeant of the main guard went his round and challenged the sentries. Then those in the village who were awake heard the hoarse answer of the men—"All's well"—and the sergeant marched on, and you heard the same words a little further off, and so on, quite round the Castle, getting fainter as the sergeant reached the water-gate, and becoming gradually louder as he returned to the main guard station outside the Castle gate. Also, at nine o'clock, the curfew bell was rung, when all lights had to be put out, and the men turned in. Once there was a great scare, for the man whose duty it was to ring the bell, an old man named Clapham, fell asleep just before nine and woke up at midnight; thinking he had been sleeping only for a minute or two, he seized the rope and rang lustily. Then the garrison was hastily turned out, and the whole countryside, roused by the alarm of the midnight bell, and all the men in the village, and from Cosham, Wymering, Widley, Southwick, Fareham, and even Titchbrook, all with one consent came pouring into Porchester armed with whatever they could snatch, thinking it was a rising of the prisoners. At the head of the Porchester squad marched none other than our Sally, armed with a pitchfork and full of valor.

They were at night confined to their quarters, some in wooden buildings erected in the outer court, some in the four towers of the inner Castle. Of these the largest, the keep, was divided into fourteen rooms, without counting the dungeons. Gloomy rooms they were, being lighted only by narrow loop-holes.

The other towers were smaller; in one—it was whispered with shuddering—there was a dissecting-room, used by the French surgeons who were prisoners, and by the English regimental surgeon. As for the men's quarters, it may be understood that these were not luxurious. Some of them



had hammocks, but when the press grew thicker, straw was thrown upon the floor for those to sleep upon for whom hammock room could not be found. Hard as was the lot of the Porchester prisoners, however, it was comfort compared with that of the men immured at Forton, where there was hardly room to stand in the exercise ground, and they lay at night as thick as herrings in a barrel; or with those who were confined on the hulks, which were used as punishment ships, where the refractory and desperate were sent, and where half-rations brought them to reason and obedience. At Porchester the prisoners got at least plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and room to walk about. For the refractory, besides the hulks and half rations, there was a black hole, and if a man tried to escape, the sentries had orders, after calling upon him to stand, to fire if he did not obey.

The prisoners, I have said, were mostly French sailors; but there were a good many soldiers among them, those taken, namely, in the conquest of the French colonies. There were also hundreds of privateers' men, as good sailors as any in the Republican Navy. Among them were many Vendéans who had been concerned in the rising; they thought to escape the penalty which overtook so many of their comrades by going on board a privateer, but, being taken prisoners, jumped, as one may say, out of the fire into the frying-pan. Among them also, at one time, were a thousand negroes, once slaves, but turned into soldiers by the French, and taken at the island of St. Vincent. The cold weather, however, killed most of these poor fellows very quickly. Another company of soldiers were the fellows intended for the invasion of Ireland, and taken off the Irish coast; a sturdy band of veterans they were. After the battle of Camperdown no fewer than one thousand eight hundred Dutch sailors were brought to the Castle; but these gallant Hollanders, who had been dragged into the war without any wish on their part to fight for France, mostly volunteered into our service, and became good British sailors.

The earliest prisoners were zealous Republicans, especially those taken prisoners by Lord Howe after the "First of June," in 1794. These men used to show their sentiments by dancing and singing "Ca Ira" and "La Carmagnole" every night, and flinging their red caps in the air.



“ Le Duc de York avait permis  
Que Dunkerque lui serait remis;  
Mais il a mal conté,  
Grace à vos canoniers.  
Dansons la Carmagnole;  
Vive le son,  
Vive le son—  
Dansons la Carmagnole—  
Vive le son  
Du canon.”

Such is the ignorance of the British soldier that the men understood not one word, and as they only laughed and were amused at these demonstrations, the zeal of these Republicans abated.

After the defeat of the Spanish fleet by Admiral Jervis off Cape St. Vincent, a great number of Spaniards were brought in, and these proved a very desperate lot indeed. It was a company of these fellows who laid a plot to escape, thinking to take one of the small vessels in the harbor and to get out to sea. They got some horseshoe files, ground them to a fine edge and a point and fitted them to handles, so as to make excellent daggers. Armed with these they got into the dungeons under the Queen's Tower, and began to dig their way out. They were secured after a desperate fight, and sent on board the hulks.

Among the officers the most remarkable was a certain General Tate, formerly of the Irish Brigade, who was sent with a legion composed entirely of galley-slaves to invade the coast of Wales—a wild and desperate attempt, resolved upon, one would think, with a view of getting rid of the galley-slaves and effecting a diversion of troops to a distant part of the country. The ships were wrecked at a place called Fishguard, and the men mutinied and spread about the country to rob and plunder, until they were caught or shot down. Their commander was a fine old man, tall and erect, with long white hair, an hereditary enemy to Great Britain, but good company and a man of excellent manners.

There were other notable prisoners. The wretch Tallien, who murdered seven hundred Royalists at Quiberon, was here for a short time. The General Baraguay d'Hilliers, was also here. Once there arrived a whole shipload of young ladies, taken on board a ship bound for the Isle of France, whither they were going in search of husbands.



They were not detained long, and the ladies and gentry round about made their stay pleasant for them with dances and parties. One of them remained behind to marry an Englishman. There was also a certain black General, whose name I forget, but he had with him four wives; and there was a young fellow who, after six months in prison, fell ill, and was discovered to be a woman. Strange things happened among them. Thus one day, a certain French Captain, who had been morose for a long time, mounted to the roof of the keep and threw himself off, being weary of his life. When they quarreled, which was often, they fought duels with swords, for want of proper weapons, made out of bits of iron, filed and sharpened and tied to the end of sticks. And there was one man who was continually escaping. He would climb down the wall at night unseen by the sentries; then he would seek shelter in the Forest of Bere, and live by depredation among the poultry-yards and farm-houses till he was caught and sent back. Once he made his way to London, and called at the house of M. Otto, who was the French Commissioner for the prisoners.

The daily life of the prisoners was wearisome and monotonous. Some of them had money sent by their friends, with which they would buy drink, tobacco, and clothes; most had none. They lounged away the hours talking idly; they gambled all day long, for what stakes I know not, but they were as eager on the games as if there were thousands of pounds depending on the result. They played dominoes, backgammon, and draughts; they smoked as much tobacco as they could procure; few of them—I speak of the common sort—knew how to read or write; their language was full of blasphemy and oaths. The soldiers for the most part had abandoned all religion, but the sailors retained their former faith. The happiest among them were those who had a trade and could work at it. The carpenter, tailor, shoe-makers, cooks, and barbers, were always at work, and made considerable earnings. Besides the regular trades, there were arts by which large sums were made. The place in the summer was crowded with visitors, who came from all the country round—from Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Southampton, Lymington, Faversham; even from Winchester and Chichester—to gaze upon the prisoners. These people, after staring at the strange, wild creatures, unkempt and ragged, were easily persuaded to



buy the pretty things which the more ingenious of them carved, such as toys, tobacco stoppers, and knickknacks out of wood, the simpler things of soft deal, but the more expensive out of some chance piece of oak or a pine-knot; out of beef-bones they made models of ships, chessmen, draughts, dominoes, and card-counters; out of dried straws they braided little boxes, dinner-mats, and all kinds of pretty, useless things; and some of them made thread-lace so beautifully that it was sold at a great price and carried all about the country, and all the lace-makers began to cry out, when the Government stopped that industry.

Two priests were allowed to go in and out among them, and to celebrate the papistical mass, which was done every morning in a ruined gallery called the Chapel. It was boarded, glass was put into the window, a door was provided, and an altar. Mme. Claire came daily, and many of the Vendean and Breton sailors. The rest stayed away, even on Sundays, and many, if the priest spoke to them of religion, answered with blasphemy and execration. Why should a horrid atheism be joined to Republican principles? Yet the United States of America and the Swiss States are not atheistical.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FAMILY LUCK.

THE Arnolds—whose real name was Arnault, but it has thus been Englished—came to Porchester early in the year 1794. Why they directed their steps to this village, I know not. They were saved, with many more, when the city of Toulon was taken by the French. Raymond, who was then fourteen years of age, has often described to me the terrible night when the French poured shot and shell upon the town, while the English fired the arsenal and destroyed those ships which they could not carry out. With his mother he was taken on board an English ship, being separated by the crowd from his father, who was unhappily left behind. On board the same ship was found his aunt, Mme. Claire, called in religion Sister Angélique. How she got there she knew not, nor could she ever remember, her wits being scattered for the time with the terrors of the night, the awful flames, the roar of the cannon, and the



bursting of the shells. When, however, she recovered her senses, it was found that she was still grasping the bag which contained the most precious of all the family treasures, namely, the Golden Rose, presented by a certain Pope, who lived, I know not how long ago—it was when the Popes were at Avignon, instead of Rome—to one of the ladies of their house, then; and until the Revolution, one of the most illustrious houses in the South of France. With the Rose the Pope gave his blessing, with the promise, it was said—though how a mere man, even the Pope of Rome, can presume to make such a promise one knows not—that so long as the Rose remained with the family, the line should never cease. Certainly the line hath never ceased for five hundred years and more, though after the death of Raymond's father, he himself, a boy of thirteen, was the sole representative. As for the Rose itself, which is now in my possession and kept locked up, it is a strange thing to look at, being the imitation of a rose-bush about eighteen inches high in pure red gold. No one would guess, without being told, that it was intended for a rose-bush, for the trunk and branches are all straight and stiff, as much like a real rose-bush as a tree in a sampler is like a real tree. It is provided with leaves, also of gold, and with flowers and buds, which were set with all kinds of precious stones, small in size but beautiful in color, such as rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and many others whose names I know not. I suppose there is no other example in the whole of His Majesty's realms of such a Rose. I have heard that the King of Spain or the Emperor of Austria may possibly have one, but probably there is no other Holy Rose in the possession of a private family.

When they were landed at Portsmouth, these fugitives had nothing; neither money, nor clothes, nor friends. One of them was a lady who knew nothing of the world, having been for the most of her life in a convent; another was a lady whose anxiety for her husband was quickly driving her mad; and the third was only a boy. A more pitiful party was never landed from France, not even counting that boat-load of unfortunate *émigrés* which was found in Southampton Water one morning, starving and penniless, and almost naked. There was nothing by which these ladies could earn their bread, because they could do nothing. Yet they were richer than any of the rest, because



they had with them the Golden Rose. I know not exactly when they learned the truth about the head of their house thus left to the mercies of the Revolutionists, but it was after they landed at Portsmouth, and before they went to Porchester. The news was brought to them by an eye-witness. The Republican Army, masters of the city, made the whole of the remaining inhabitants prisoners. And they shot all those, including the Comte d'Eyragues, who were of rank and position. Against him, it was said, a certain man, who had been a dependent or humble friend, gave information, so that his fate was at once decided, and he was shot. And when this news arrived, his widow went out of her mind, and, unlike Mme. Claire, who had only been scared, she never recovered.

"Ladies," said the Vicar of Porchester, when he was first called to consider their case, "there is no alternative. You must sell this precious relic."

He addressed both ladies, but only one heard and understood him.

"Alas!" cried that one, "if it were not for Raymond, I would rather starve than part with it. And to let it go is to imperil the poor boy's life, since there is none other to continue the family."

"You may send it to London," said the Vicar, "to be sold to some great nobleman as a wonderful curiosity. Or you may sell it to a merchant for the value of its gold and precious stones. Or, if you prefer, you might sell it little by little. Thus you might keep the Rose itself for a long time by selling the jewels of the flowers. See, some of the stones are large and valuable. Take me out, and let me sell it for your immediate wants. When the money is exhausted you can give me another, and so on. Perhaps, long before you come to an end, your fortunes will change; the Republic will be overthrown, and the *émigrés* returned."

"Alas!" she cried again. "The jewels are a part of the Holy Rose, and they have been blessed by the Pope himself. Is it not the sin of sacrilege?"

"On the contrary, Madame," the Vicar replied, smiling. "I suppose that the blessing of the Pope has never before proved of so practical a value."

I remember very well the day of their arrival, for the news had spread abroad that some French people were go-



ing to live in Mr. Phipps's cottage, and I went out to see them come. They were brought up in a boat from Portsmouth and landed close to the water-gate of the Castle. (There were no prisoners in the Castle as yet.) The Vicar was with them, and led them through the Castle to the village. You may be sure we all stared, never thinking that we should behold on English ground so strange a creature as a nun. Yet here was one, dressed in a blue cloak and blue frock, with a white starched hood or cap. She carried a bag in her hand, and round her neck was a gold chain with a crucifix. On one side of her walked our Vicar, who, I suppose, had persuaded them to seek this asylum; and on the other a lady richly dressed, though there were the stains of the voyage and rough weather upon her fine clothes. The nun was pale, and walked with her eyes downcast; this lady tossed her head and laughed, talking without cessation. She laughed because she was out of her mind, having been driven mad, we learned, by terror and the loss of her husband; and she talked because she believed that her husband was still living, and that he was always with her day and night. This belief she maintained till her death, and certainly nothing happier could have befallen the poor lady. Very soon those who went to the house began to believe that the spirit of her husband was permitted to remain on earth for his wife's protection; and though one may not be believed, I dare assert that the haunted house had no terrors for me, though a ghost in my own room would have driven me mad with fear. Behind the ladies walked a handsome boy black-eyed and with black hair. Little did I think how that boy was to become the whole joy of my life.

There was never, I am certain, a household more frugal than this. The two ladies seemed to live altogether upon bread and salad, or upon bread dipped in oil; while Madame Claire rigorously kept all the fasts of her Church (though none of the feasts), abstaining, on those days, from all food except that which is absolutely necessary. They kept fowls, the eggs of which were reserved for Raymond. They lived in a little cottage at three pounds a year. As for their clothes, Madame Claire mended them, washed and ironed them; though sometimes Raymond was in need of boots and coats, when money must be found. Yet, with all this frugality, the stones of the Holy Rose slowly diminished;



its flowers began to assume a shabby and (so to speak) an autumnal aspect; for the years went on, and the Republic was not overthrown, nor were the *émigrés* invited to return to their property.

When we became friends, which was very soon, the boy taught me his language, and I taught him mine. Which was the apter scholar I know not. He was three years older than I, but was never ashamed to play with a girl. When he had no work to do—either lessons for the Vicar, or work in the garden where they grew their salads—he would go with me, either to row down the creek among the men-o'-war in the harbor, or to ramble in the woods beyond Portsdown Hill. And thus we continued companions and friends, after we were grown out of boy and girl and before we became lovers—though I believe we were lovers from the beginning.

Raymond was not a bookish boy, nor did he take to the learning with which the Vicar would have willingly supplied him in ample quantities had he desired. But though he grew up a gentle young man, as a boy he excelled in all kind of manly games, and was ready to wrestle, run, or leap with any of his own age, or to fight with any who called him French Frog, or Johnny Crapaud. Consequently he received the respect which is always paid to the possessor of courage. It is strange to note how boys will sometimes become enemies and rivals from the very first. This was the case with my cousin Tom and Raymond. Tom was the stronger, but Raymond the more active. Tom spoke behind Raymond's back of French impudence, French presumption, and French brag; but I never heard that he allowed himself those liberties before Raymond's face. And I well remember one 26th of July, which is Portsdown Fair, how, in the sports upon the Running Walks at the back of Richardson's Theater, Raymond laid Tom fair and flat upon his back at wrestling, so that he limped away shaken all over and growling about foul play, though it was as fair a throw as was ever seen.

Later on it pleased Tom to describe himself as my wooer, which was ridiculous, because I never could have given a thought to Tom, even if Raymond had not been there before him. Who could endure the caresses of a man who was always longing to be where cocks are fought, badgers drawn, prize-fights fought, races run, and drink flowing;



whose clothes smelled of the stable, and whose language was that of grooms, hostlers, and jockeys? It pleased him, too, in spite of the lesson taught him at Portsdown Fair, to affect a contempt for Raymond. He laughed scornfully when he spoke of him. "One Englishman," he said, "is worth three Frenchmen. Everybody knows that. Wait, Molly, till I give him a basting." Yet the day of that basting did not arrive. And I suppose that this threatening promise was made to none but myself, otherwise Raymond would have been told; in which case it is certain the thing would have been brought to a head.

Very likely it made Tom happier to believe that he could administer that basting if he should choose. As you will see presently, the moment actually chosen by him for the purpose was unfortunate.

It was difficult for the *émigrés* and for their sons to find employment by which to make their livelihood. For though in this country every calling is open to all, so that many, even of our Bishops and Judges, have been poor boys to begin, yet a young man's choice is generally restricted by the circumstances of his birth and condition. Thus, the son of the village carpenter succeeds his father, and the man who hath a good shop bequeaths it to his son. But if a young man aspires to a profession he must be able to spend a great deal of money in order to learn its secrets, and to be received by some learned society as a member. Nothing can be done without money or interest. If he would be a farmer, he must be able to lay out money upon stock and implements; if a tradesman, he must be first apprenticed and afterward buy and stock his shop; if he be a clergyman he must be able to buy a living, unless he find a patron; if he becomes a soldier, he must buy his commission; if a sailor, he must bribe some one in place, or remain forever a midshipman; if he would find a Government office, even of the humblest kind, he must have interest to procure it for him, or money to buy it.

Some of them, therefore, became teachers, because teaching is the only kind of work which requires no money, apprenticeship, interest, or bribery. They taught their own language for the most part, or the accomplishments which they were best qualified to undertake, namely, dancing, music, deportment, drawing, and so forth. The more ingenious painted pictures, or carved statues; some com-



posed music; some carved in wood and ivory; some became conjurors, ventriloquists, tumblers, or circus riders; a good many became cooks or barbers; some, I have heard, became gamblers by profession, and if they belonged to the better sort, played cards at clubs, if to the baser, held their tables at fairs and races. Some turned thieves and rogues, but these were few. A great many went home again as soon as it was safe, though they did not get back their lands. Some went to America, but I know not what they did there. Whatever they did it was always considered as a make-shift against the day when they should return and be restored to their own property.

As for Raymond, it was necessary that he should work for his bread as soon as possible. Fortunately, though he loved not books, he was continually drawing and painting. It is an art by which some men live, either by teaching or selling their pictures. "Let the boy," said the Vicar, "cultivate this gift, so that, perhaps, if the need still exists, it may provide him the means of an honorable livelihood until the day when you shall happily, under Providence, return to your own."

In short, Raymond was put under a master at Gosport until the age of nineteen, when he had learned all that could be taught him. Then, because pupils were not to be found in Porchester, he went to Portsmouth, and began to teach to such of the young officers as wished to learn the arts of drawing and painting, and making plans and maps, especially plans of fortifications.

But the time went on, and the successes of the Republican armies did not hold out much hope that the return of the Nobles would soon take place.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE OTHER CAMP.

"HUZZA, Molly!" cried my cousin, his face full of exultation. "'Tis now certain that we shall have peace. I have been drinking the health of Boney, whom I shall ever love for calling home all starving Frenchmen."

"Will the *émigrés* go home, too, Tom?"

"Ay, they will all go. What? Do you think we shall suffer them to stay any longer, the ragged, greedy blood-



suckers, when there are honest Britons out of work? Not so. They must pack."

"Will their property be restored to them, then?"

"Nay, I know not! 'Tis thought at the tavern that something will be done for them, but I know not what. Well, Molly, so you will lose your fine lover."

"Never mind my fine lover, Tom."

"Nay, I mind him not a button!" Here he put one hand in his pocket, and with the other shook his cudgel playfully. "Molly, he is a lucky lad. Another week and he would have had a basting. Ay, in another week at furthest I must have drubbed him."

"Oh, Tom! how long has that drubbing been threatened? Nay, it were a pity, if Raymond must go, for him never to know your truly benevolent intentions. I will tell him this evening."

"As you please, my girl; as you please," he replied, carelessly, and sauntered away, but returned back after a few steps. "Molly," he said, "I think it would be kindest to let the poor man go in ignorance of what would have befallen him. What? He can not help being a Frenchman. Don't let him feel his misfortune more than is necessary."

This was thoughtful of Tom.

"Then, Tom, I will not tell him. But it is for your sake and to spare you, not him, the drubbing. Oh, Tom, he would break every bone in your body; but if you mean what you say, and are really not afraid of him, why not tell him what you have told me?"

"Well, Molly, you can say what you like; but you are not married yet, my girl. You are not married yet."

I did not tell Raymond, because I think it is wicked for a woman to set men a-fighting, though it is commonly done by village girls; but I had no anxiety on the score of Tom's desire to baste anybody. I might have felt some anxiety had I reflected that the ways of a man when in liquor can not always be foretold.

Raymond thought little of Tom at this time. The conditions of the peace left him, with the Royal Family of France and all the *émigrés*, out in the cold; one can not deny, though he is now an Englishman by choice, and contented to forget his native country, that he was then much cast down.



“For ten years,” he said, “our lives have seemed an interruption; we have been in parenthesis; whatever we did it was but as a stop-gap. We have endured hardship patiently, because it would pass. Great Britain was fighting for us; well, all that is over. The Government has abandoned us; the Revolution has succeeded; there will be no more Kings or Nobles in France.”

Yes, peace was made, and the French Princes, the Royalists, and the French Nobles, who thought we should never lay down our arms until the old state of things was restored, found that they were abandoned. To me, because I now took my ideas from Raymond, it seemed shameful, and I blushed for my country. But one can now plainly see, that when an enterprise is found to be impossible the honor of a country can not be involved in prosecuting it any further. It took twelve years more of war for France to understand the miseries she had brought upon herself by driving away her Princes. As soon as the opportunity arrived Great Britain led them back again.

’Twas no great thing of a peace after the expenditure of so much blood and treasure. England, we learned, was to keep certain possessions taken from the Dutch, and to give back those she had taken from the French. But the strength of France was so enormously improved, Bonaparte being master in Spain, Italy, Portugal, and I know not what beside, that every one prophesied the breaking out, before long, of another and a more prolonged war. This, in fact, speedily happened, as everybody knows.

The general joy, however, was wonderful. So great was it in London that the people fought and struggled for the honor of taking out the horses from the carriage of the French Ambassador—he was a certain Colonel Lauriston, of English ancestry, and yet a favorite with Bonaparte—and dragging it themselves with shouts and cheers. The City of London and every other town in the country were, we heard, illuminated at night with the lighting of bonfires, the firing of squibs, and the marching of mobs about the streets. At Portsmouth they received the intelligence with more moderate gratitude, because, although it is without doubt a grievous thing to consider the continual loss of so many gallant men, yet it must be remembered that a seaport flourishes in time of war, but languishes in time of peace. In time of war there happen every day arrivals and



departures of ships and troops, the advance of prize money, the engagement of dock-yard hands, the concourse of people to see the troops and the fleets, the fitting out and victualing of the vessels, all of which keep the worthy folk full of business, so that they quickly make their fortunes, build and buy houses, and retire to the country and a garden.

At Porchester the landlord of the tavern cursed the peace which would take from him all his custom. He, however, was the only man who did not hail the news with pleasure. As for the Castle, not only the prisoners, but the garrison as well—no soldier likes being converted into a prison warder—rejoiced. They made a great bonfire in the outer court—beautiful it was to see the keep and the walls and the church lit up at night by the red blaze of the flames; soldiers and prisoners, arm in arm, danced round the fire, shouting and singing. There were casks of liquor sent in, I know not by whom, and the serving out of the drink greatly increased the general joy.

After this, and until the prisoners were all gone, it was truly wonderful to see the change. First of all the soldiers with the loaded muskets were removed from the walls, and there were no more sentries, except at the gates. Why should prisoners be watched who would certainly make no attempt to escape, now that the vessels which were to carry them home were preparing for them? They were no longer enemies, but comrades, and it was strange to mark the transition from foe to friend. Our journals, we heard, in like manner ceased to abuse the First Consul, and began to find much to admire—the first time for nearly ten years—in the character of the French. Yet these prisoners had done nothing to make them our friends, which shows that Providence never designed that men should cut each other's throats only because they speak different languages. And from this day until their departure the prisoners were allowed freely to go outside the Castle walls, a privilege which hitherto had been granted to few.

A strange wild crew they were who now trooped out of the Castle gates and swarmed in the village street. Some limped from old wounds, some had lost an arm, a leg, or an eye; nearly all were ragged and barefoot. They wore their hair hanging long and loose about their shoulders; some had monstrous great beards, and most wore long mustaches, which impart an air of great ferocity. Whether



they were in rags or not, whatever their condition, one and all bore themselves with as much pride, and walked as gallantly as if they were so many conquering heroes, and at the sight of a woman would toss up their chins, pull their mustaches, stick out their chests, and strut for all the world like a turkey-cock, and as if they were all able and willing to conquer the heart of every woman. They did no harm in the village that I heard of; they could not buy anything, because they had no money, and they were too proud to beg. One day, however, I saw a little company of them looking over our palings into the garden, where as yet there was little but blossom and the first pushing of the spring leaves. I thought that in their eyes I saw a yearning after certain herbs and roots which every Frenchman loves. It was long since these poor fellows had tasted onions, garlic, or any savory herbs. I may confess that I called on the men and made them happy with as many strings of onions and other things as they could carry, a gift which, with the addition of a little oil and vinegar, sent them away completely happy.

They were now eager to get home again, although for many, Pierre told us, the exchange would be for the worse. "The prison rations," he said, "are better than the fare which many of us will enjoy when we get home. In a campaign the soldiers have to fight on much less. Then if there is to be no more fighting, most of the army will be disbanded, and the men will betake themselves again to the plow or to their trades. But if a man goes for a soldier he forgets his trade, his hand and eye are out; then he will get bad wages with long hours, the condition of a slave—I call it nothing else—and none of the glory of war." Pierre spoke of glory as if every private soldier who took part in a victory was to be remembered ever afterward as an immortal hero. "Oh! I deny not that there are some, even some Frenchmen, who love not war. Yet I confess that to them the peace is the most welcome news in the world. What? Is every soldier a hero? Does every man love the hard ground better than a soft bed? Is the roaring of artillery a pleasing sound for every one? Not so; some men are by nature intended to drive quills, and weigh out spices, and dress the ladies' heads. There must be grocers and barbers as well as soldiers."

"And what will you do, Pierre?" asked Raymond.



“I hope to remain in the army. But how long will the peace continue? Think you our great General is one who will be contented to remain quiet while a single country remains unconquered? He is another Alexander the Great, he marches from conquest to conquest; he is a Hannibal who knows no Capua. There are still two countries which dare to hold up their heads in defiance of him—Great Britain and Russia. He will humble both.”

“What! You look to overrun the world?”

“Consider,” he said, “Prussia—Germany—Holland—Italy—these are at his feet. Spain is already in his grasp. Denmark—Norway—Sweden—all are within his reach. What is England—little England—against so mighty a combination? What is Russia with all her Cossacks? The peace is concluded in order that we may make more vessels to destroy your trade and take your fleets. When your ships are swept off the ocean nothing remains except humble submission. Look, therefore, for another war as soon as we are ready, and prepare for the inevitable supremacy of France. Great Britain reduced, Bonaparte will then lead his victorious troops to Russia, which will offer nothing more than a show of resistance to his great army. When all the countries are his, and all the Kings dethroned, there will be seen one vast Republic, with Paris for its capital, and Bonaparte for the First Consul. London, Constantinople, Rome, Vienna, and Moscow, will be of no more importance than Marseilles and Lyons. All will be Paris.”

“Very good, indeed,” said Raymond, “and then your First Consul will, I suppose, sit down and take his rest?”

“No. There will remain the United States of America. India will be ours already by right of our conquest of Great Britain, and all the East will be ours because we shall have overrun Spain, Holland, and Turkey; also South America and Mexico. The United States will be the last to bow the neck. Bonaparte will fit out three great armaments, one to Canada, one to New York, and one to Baltimore. The Republicans of America will fight at first for their independence. Then they will be compelled to yield, and will join in the great confederacy, and from one end to the other the whole world will be part of the great French Republic.”

“There are still Persia, the Pacific Ocean, and China.”

“The Pacific will be ours because there will be no ships



afloat but those which fly the French flag. Persia is but a mouthful. To conquer China will be but a military promenade."

"And after this the reign of peace, I suppose?"

Pierre sighed. "Yes," he said, "when there will be nothing left to fight for I suppose there will be peace. But by that time I shall perhaps have become a General of Division, or very likely I shall be old and no longer fit for war. Oh," his eyes kindled, "think of the universal French Republic! No more Kings, no more priests, all men free and equal—"

"Why," Raymond interrupted, "as for Kings, the peace leaves them every man upon his throne; and as for priests, Bonaparte's convention with the Pope brings them back to you. In place of your fine Republican principles you have got a military despotism; it must be a grand thing when every man is free and equal to be drilled and kicked and cuffed into shape, in order to become a soldier."

"Why," said Pierre, "I grant you that we did not expect the Concordat. Well, the women are too strong for us. But the men are emancipated; they have got no religion left; while, for your military despotism, how else can we establish our Universal Republic? And what better use can you make of a man than to drill him and put him into the ranks? But wait till the conquest of the world is complete, and the reign of Universal Liberty begins."

"I stand," said Raymond, "on the side of order, which means authority, rank, religion, and a monarchy."

"And I," said Pierre, "on the side of Liberty, which means government by the people and the abolition of the privileged class. I am a son of the people, and you, my friend, are an aristo. Therefore, we are in opposite camps."

"Your Republic has her hands red with innocent blood, and her pocket full of gold which she has stolen. These are the first-fruits of government by the people."

"We have made mistakes; our men were mad at first. But we are now in our right senses, Raymond; for every man equal rights and an equal chance, and the prizes to the strongest, and no man born without the fold of Universal Brotherhood. What can your old Order show to compare with this?"



His eyes glowed, and his dark cheek flushed. He would have said more, but refrained, because he would not pain his friend who belonged to the other side. When I think of Pierre I love to recall him as he stood there, brave and handsome. Ah, if all the children of the people were like him, then an Universal Republic might not be so dreadful a misfortune for the human race!

“Englishmen, at least, are free,” said Raymond. “Shake hands, my brother. You shall go out and fight for your cause. Whether you win or whether you lose, you shall win honor and promotion. Captain Gavotte—Colonel Gavotte—General Gavotte—Field Marshal Gavotte. I shall sit in peace at home, under the protection of the Union Jack—which may God protect.”

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## CHAPTER V.

### TOM'S UNFORTUNATE MISTAKE.

It was the evening after this conversation that my cousin Tom made so unfortunate a mistake, and received a lesson so rude that it cured him forever of speaking disrespectfully concerning the strength and courage of Frenchmen. The affair was partly due to me; I do not say that it was my fault, because I should behave in exactly the same way again were it possible for such a thing to happen now.

My cousin rode into the village in the afternoon, as was his custom. Finding that there were no wagers being decided, cocks fought, or any other amusement going on at the tavern, he took a glass or two and walked up the street to call upon me.

“Well, Molly,” he began, sitting down as if he intended to spend the afternoon with me, “when does your Frenchman go? Ha! he is in luck to go so soon.”

“Tom,” I said, “I forbid you ever again to mention the word Frenchman in my presence. Speak respectfully of a man who is your better, or go out of the house.”

“Suppose,” he said, “that I will neither speak respectfully of him nor go out of the house? What then, Miss Molly? Respectfully of a beggarly Frenchman who teaches—actually teaches drawing to anybody he can get for a pupil! Respectfully! Molly, you make me sick. Give me a glass of your cowslip, cousin.”



“Well, Tom, I am not strong enough to turn you out; but I can leave you alone in the room.”

I turned to do so, but he sprung up and stood between me and the door.

“Now, Molly, let us understand one another. Send this fellow to the right-about”—he pronounced it, being a little disguised, rile-abow; “send him away, I say, and take a jolly Briton.”

“Let me pass, Tom.”

“No. Why, I always meant to marry you, my girl, and so I will. Do you think I will let you go for a sneakin’, cowardly—” Here he held out his arms. “Come and kiss me, Molly. There’s only one that truly loves thee, and that is Tom Wilgress. Come, I say.”

At this I was frightened, there being no one in the house whom I could call. Fortunately, I thought of Sally, and, running to the window, I opened it and cried out to her to come quickly.

Tom instantly sunk into a chair.

“Sally,” I said, “I do not think I shall want you; but have you your rope’s-end with you?”

“Ay, ay, Miss,” she replied, shaking that weapon, and looking curiously at Tom, whom she had never loved.

“I do not think,” I repeated, “that we shall want the rope’s-end. Are you afraid of my cousin, Sally?”

“Afraid! I should like to see any man among them all that I am afraid of.”

“Then wait at the door, Sally, until I call you or until he goes.”

“Now, Tom,” I went on, “I am not without a protector, as you see. You may go. Why, you poor, blustering creature, you are afraid—yes, you are afraid to say the half in Raymond’s presence that you have said to me. Fy! a coward, and try to wile a girl from her lover.”

“Well—I can not fight a woman. You and your rope’s-end,” he grumbled. “Say what you like, Molly.”

“I will say no more to you. Sally, show him the rope’s-end, if you please.” She held it up and nodded. “Sally is as strong as any man, Tom, and I will ask her to lay that rope across your shoulders if you ever dare to come here again without my leave. Do you understand?”

“I am a coward, am I? I am afraid to say the half to



Raymond, am I? Molly, suppose I say all this and more—suppose I thrash him and bring him on his knees?”

“Well, Tom, if you can do this you have no need to fear Sally and her rope’s-end.”

He went away, making pretense of going slowly and of his own accord. Sally followed him to the garden gate, and reported that he had returned to the tavern, where I suppose that he spent the rest of the day smoking tobacco and drinking brandy and water or punch, in order to get that courage which we call Dutch.

In the interval between the signing of the peace and the return of the prisoners, Pierre spent his whole time in the company of Madame Claire and in her service. He was clever and ingenious with his fingers, always making and contriving things, so that the cottage furniture, which was scanty indeed, began to look as if it was all new.

On this day Tom remained at the tavern till late in the evening, and left it at eight o’clock, coming out of it, hat on head and riding-whip in hand, with intent to order his horse and ride home. Now by bad luck he saw, or thought he saw, no other than his enemy Raymond coming slowly down the road, the night being clear and fine and a moon shining, so that it was well-nigh as bright as day. It was, in fact, Pierre returning to the Castle, but, dressed as he was, in a brown civilian coat, and being at all times like Raymond, it was not wonderful that, at a little distance, Tom should mistake him for Raymond. That he did not discover his mistake on getting to close quarters was due to the drink that was in him.

“Ho, Johnny Frenchman! Johnny Frog!” he cried. “Stop, I say; you’ve got to reckon with me.”

Pierre stopped.

“Don’t try to run away,” Tom continued. “We have met at last, where there are no women to call upon.” Raymond, to be sure, never had asked the assistance of any woman; but that mattered nothing. “Ha! would you run? Would you run?”

Pierre was standing still, certainly not attempting to run, and wondering what was the meaning of this angry gentleman dancing about before him in the road, brandishing his riding-whip, and calling him evidently insulting names.

“Ha!” said Tom, getting more courage, “a pretty fool



you will look when I have done with you; a very pretty fool."

These words he strengthened in the usual way, and continued to shake his riding-whip.

Pierre still made no reply. The man was threatening him, that was certain from the use of gestures common to all languages; but he waited to brandish his riding-whip.

"French frog—Johnny Crapaud. I will flog you till you go on your knees and swear that you will never again dare to visit Molly. Ha! I will teach you to interfere with a true-born Briton."

He shook the whip in Pierre's face, and began to use the language customary with those who are, or wish to appear, beyond themselves with rage. It was, however, disconcerting that the Frenchman made no reply, and showed no sign of submission. For Pierre perceived that he had no choice but to fight unless he would tamely submit to be horsewhipped. Yet for the life of him he could not understand why this man was attacking him. It could not be for his money, because he had none; nor for any conduct of his which could give the man any pretext, because he had never seen him before.

The French are not good at boxing, they do not practice fighting with their fists as boys, they have no prize-fights, and in a street quarrel I have heard that the knife is used where our people would strip and fight it out. For this reason it is thought that they are not so brave as the English, and it is sometimes thrown in their teeth that they can not hit out straight, and know not how to use the left hand in a fight.

As for their bravery, we are foolish to impugn it, because we have fought the French in many a field and in many a sea-battle, and we do ourselves a wrong when we lessen the valor of our foes. Besides, it is very well known to all the world, whatever we may say, that the French are a very brave and gallant nation. Though they can not box, they can fence; though they do not fight with fists, they can wrestle as well as any men in England. And in their fights they have a certain trick which requires, I am told, a vast amount of dexterity and agility, but is most effective in astonishing and disconcerting an enemy who does not look for it. Suppose, for instance, that a man went out to box in ignorance of so common a trick as the



catching of your adversary's head with the left hand and pummeling his face with the right. With what surprise and discomfiture would that maneuver be followed! Or again, imagine the surprise of an untaught man who stood up with a master in wrestling, to receive one of those strokes which suddenly throw a man upon his back. Pierre, you see, was dexterous in this French trick, of which Tom had never even heard.

The young Frenchman, therefore, perceiving that this was more than a mere drunken insult and menace, assumed the watchful attitude of one who intends to fight. He had nothing in his hand, not even a walking-stick, and was, moreover, of slighter build and less weight than his enemy. But if Tom had been able to understand it, his attitude, something like that of a tiger about to spring, his eyes fixed upon his adversary's face, his hands ready, his body as if on springs, might have made him, even at the last moment, hesitate.

With another oath Tom raised the whip and brought it down upon Pierre's head. Had the whip reached its destination there would probably have been no need to say more about Pierre. But it did not, because he leaped aside and the blow fell harmless. And then an astonishing thing occurred.

The Frenchman did not strike his assailant with his fist, nor did he close with him, nor did he try to wrench his whip from him, nor did he curse and swear, nor did he go on his knees and cry for mercy. Any of these things might have been expected. The last thing that could have been expected was what happened.

The Frenchman, in fact, sprung into the air—Tom afterward swore that he leaped up twenty feet—and from that commanding position administered upon Tom's right cheek, not a kick, or anything like a kick, but so shrewd a box with the flat of the left boot that it fairly knocked him over. He sprung to his feet again, but again this astonishing Frenchman leaped up and gave him a second blow on the left cheek with the flat of his right boot, which again rolled him over. This time he did not try to get up, nor did he make the least resistance when his enemy seized the whip and began to belabor him handsomely with it, in such sort that Tom thought he was going to be murdered. Presently, however, the Frenchman left off, and threw away



the whip. Tom, taking heart, sat up with astonishment in his face. His enemy was standing over him with folded arms.

"You kicked," said Tom. "Yah! you kicked. You kicked your man in the face. Call that fair fighting?"

Pierre answered never a word.

"I say," Tom repeated, "that you kicked. Call that fair fighting?"

Pierre made no reply. Then Tom reached for his hat, which had been knocked off at the beginning, and for his whip, which was beside him on the ground. He put on his hat, and laid the whip across his knees, but he did not get up.

"Very well—very well," he said. "I shall know what to expect another time. You don't play that trick twice. No matter now. My revenge will come."

Still Pierre moved not.

"You think I care twopence because you bested me with your tricks? Well, I don't, then. Not I. Who would be ashamed of being knocked down by a kick on the head? Well; all the country shall know about it. What? Do you think I am afraid of you? Promise not to kick, and come on."

Although he vaped in this way, he took care not to get up from the ground.

But Pierre made no reply, and after waiting a few minutes to see if his adversary was satisfied—to be sure he had every reason to express himself fully satisfied—he turned, and went on his way to the Castle gates.

Then Tom rose slowly, and, without brushing the mud and dirt of the road from his clothes, returned to the tavern, where the officers and gentlemen were sitting with lighted candles.

"Why, Tom," said the Colonel, who was among them, "what is the matter, man? You have got a black eye."

"Hang it," said another, "it seems to me that he has got two black eyes, and he has had a roll in the mud. What is it, my gallant Tom? Did you mistake the handle of the door for your saddle? or have you been fighting your horse in the stable?"

"Landlord, a glass of brandy." He waited till he had tossed off this restorative, and then sat down and took off his hat. "Gentlemen," he said solemnly, looking round



him, and showing a face very beautifully colored already, where the whip had fallen upon him, "never offer to fight a Frenchman."

"Why," said the Colonel, "what have we been doing for ten years or more?"

"With cannons and guns it matters nothing; or with swords and bayonets—I grant you that. But, gentlemen, never offer to fight a Frenchman with cudgel or fist, unless you know his tricks and are acquainted with his devilries."

"As for fighting a Frenchman with your fists, that is impossible, because he can not use them. And as for tricks and devilries, all war consists of them."

"'Tis the disappointment," said Tom, "the disappointment that sticks."

"It will be a devil of a black eye," said the Colonel.

"You have a quarrel with a Frenchman," Tom went on. "You offer to fight him. What! can you bestow upon a Frenchman a greater honor than to let him taste the quality of a British fist? Instead of accepting your offer with gratitude, what does he do? Gentlemen, what does he do?" He looked around for sympathy.

"What did he do, Tom?"

"First, he pretended to accept. Then we began. I own that he took punishment like a man. Took it gamely, gentlemen. Wouldn't give in. We fought, man to man, for half an hour, or thereabouts, and I should hardly like to say how often he kissed the grass. Still, he wouldn't give in, and, as for me, so great was the pleasure I had in thrashing the Frenchman that I didn't care how long he went on."

"Well?"

"Well, gentlemen, the last time I knocked him down I thought he wasn't coming up to time. But he did. He sprung to his feet, jumped into the air like a wild cat, and kicked me—kicked me on the face with his boot, so that I fell like a log. When I recovered he was gone."

"That is very odd," said one. "Who was the Frenchman, Tom?"

"Raymond Arnold, as he calls himself."

"Gentlemen," said my father, "here is something we understand not. This young gentleman, almost an Englishman, is thoroughly versed in all manly sports. I can



not understand it. Kicked thee, Tom? Kicked thee on the side of thy head? Besides, what quarrel hadst thou with Raymond?"

"Why, Alderman, we need not discuss the question here, if you do not know."

"I do know; and I will have you to learn, sirrah"—my father at such moments as this spoke as becomes one who hath sat upon the Judge's bench—"I will have you to learn, sirrah"—here he shook his forefinger—"that I will have no meddling in my household."

"Very well," said Tom; "then I will fasten another quarrel upon him. Oh, there are plenty of excuses. Kicked me in the head, he did."

"As for the kicking business," my father resumed, "I should like to know what Raymond has to say. For, let me tell you, sir, you cut a very sorry figure. Your eyes are blacked; there is a mark across your face which looks like the lash of a whip; and you have been rolled in the mud. This looks as if there had been hard knocks, certainly, but not as if Raymond had got the worst of it. Landlord, go first to Madame Arnold's cottage, and ask if Mr. Raymond is there. If he is, tell him, with the compliments of this company, to step here for a few minutes. If he is not, try him at my house, where he mostly spends his evenings."

"Bring him, bring him!" said Tom. "Now you shall see what he will say. Kicked me, he did, both sides of the head. Bring him, bring him!"

In two or three minutes Raymond came back with the messenger. Whatever was the severity of the late contest, he showed no signs of punishment in the face, nor were his hands swollen, as happens after a fight, nor were his clothes in any way rumpled or his hair disordered.

The contrast between the two combatants was indeed most striking.

"Raymond," said my father, "Tom Wilgress, whose face you seem to have battered, is complaining that you do not fight fair."

"He kicks," said Tom.

"I do not fight fair? When have I shown that I do not fight fair?"

"Why," said my father, "what have you been doing to him but now?"



“Doing to him?—nothing. I have but just left your house, Alderman, where your messenger found me.”

“But you have been fighting with Tom.”

“Don’t deny it, man,” said Tom; “don’t wriggle out of it that way.”

“I have not been fighting with Tom or with any one.”

“This,” said Tom, “is enough to make a man sick.”

“It is strange, gentlemen,” said my father. “Do you assure us, Raymond, that you have not fought Tom at all this evening?”

“Certainly not.”

“But look at the condition he is in. Can you deny that there has been fighting?”

“It looks as if something had happened to him,” said Raymond. “As for fighting, I know nothing of it. As for any quarrel, it has been whispered to me that Tom has uttered threats which I disregard. But if he wishes to fight I am at his service, with any weapon he chooses—even with fists if he likes.”

“He kicks,” said Tom. “I scorn to fight with a man who kicks. A foul blow!”

One of the officers asked permission to look at Raymond’s fist.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “Mr. Arnold’s statement is proved by the condition of his hand. He has not fought; therefore, Tom, it seems as if the drink had got into thy head. Go home to bed, and to-morrow forget this foolishness.”

“Ay—ay, foolishness, was it? Well, after this, one may believe anything. Look here, man”—he seized a candlestick and stood up. “Do you deny your own handiwork? Look at this black eye—and this—your own foul blow.”

“You are drunk, Tom,” said Raymond.

“I suppose, then, that I have not got a black eye.”

“You have two, Tom.”

Tom looked about for some backing, but found none, and retired, growling and threatening.

“He must have been more drunk than he appeared,” said one of the company. “To-morrow he will have forgotten everything.”

But he did not, nor was he ever made to believe that he was not fighting Raymond, though the truth was many times told him.



Pierre related the history of Tom himself as the thing really occurred. But as Tom continued to tell the tale, the Frenchman's leap into the air grew higher and higher, and the strength of that kick more stupendous, and the victorious character of his own fighting the more astonishing.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### A TERRIBLE DISCOVERY.

I HAVE always been truly grateful that the terrible discovery we made concerning Pierre, was in mercy deferred until the evening before his departure. It is not in human nature, as you will shortly discover, to wish that it never had been made at all, because, though the discovery overwhelmed an innocent young man with shame and grief, what would afterward have become of Raymond had the fact not been found out?

I love the memory of this brave young man; I commiserate his end; there is no one, I am sure, with a heart so stony as not to grieve that so brave a man should come to such an end. But I am forbidden by every consideration of religion, to look upon the events which followed as mere matters of chance, seeing to what important issues the discovery led.

Consider all the circumstances, and when you read what follows, confess that it was a truly dreadful discovery for all of us. First of all, this young soldier owed his life to the nursing of Mme. Claire; next, he attached himself to us, showing the liveliest gratitude and the most sincere affection, although we—that is, those of the Cottage—belonged to the class he had been brought up to hate and suspect, professing a creed which he had been taught to despise. In Madame he found a countrywoman with whom he could talk the language of his childhood, and hear over again the old stories of the Provence peasants. In her house, small though it was, he could escape from the rude companionship of the Castle, where among the prisoners there was nothing but gambling, betting, quarrelling, and drinking all day long. In her society—may I not say in mine also?—he enjoyed for the first time in his life, the society of gentlewomen. With Madame, he learned that a



woman may be a gentlewoman, and yet not desire to trample on the poor, just as Madame learned that a man may be a Republican and yet not be a tiger.

Perhaps, had he stayed longer with us, he would have discovered that the Christian religion he had been taught to deride, had something to be said for it. Moreover, in Raymond he found one of his own age whom he loved, although they differed in almost every principle of government and of conduct. It was good for us to have this young man with us daily; even the poor distracted woman grew to look for him, and talked with her husband in oracles—so we learned afterward to consider them—about him. If it was good for us, it was surely good for him. Consider next, that like most men, he regarded his father with respect; not, perhaps, the respect with which Raymond remembered his brave and loyal father, but with that respect which belongs to a man of honorable record, though one of the humbler class.

“Our orders have come,” he came to tell us. “Tomorrow we embark; the day after to-morrow we shall be in France again. After three years—well—there is not much changed, I suppose. The streets will be the same and the barracks the same. I shall find some of my old comrades left, I dare say. Happy fellows! They have gone up the ladder while I sit still.”

“Your turn will come next, Pierre.”

“This house, at least, I can never forget, nor the ladies who have shown so much kindness to a prisoner.”

“To our compatriot, Pierre,” said Madame.

“Send us letters sometimes,” I said. “Let us follow your promotion, Pierre; let us know when you distinguish yourself.”

He laughed; but his eyes flashed. One could understand that he thought continually of getting an opportunity of distinction.

“Yes,” he said. “If I get a chance; if I am so happy as to do anything worthy to be recorded, I will write to you.”

“In two days you will be in France. The country which we are always fighting is so near, and yet it seems so far off. Why must we fight with France so continually?”

“How can you ask, Miss Molly? We respect and love each other so much that we do our best to maintain in each



country the race of soldiers, without whom either would quickly become a race of slaves, so as to bring out all the virtues—courage, patriotism, endurance, invention and contrivances, watchfulness, obedience—everything. War turns a country lad into a hero; it teaches honor, good manners, and self-denial; it turns men of the same country into brothers, and makes them respect men of another country. Without war, what would become of the arts? Without war we should all be content to sit down, make love, eat and drink.”

“Thank you, Pierre,” I said, laughing.

Then, without thinking anything, I put the questions which led to the fatal discovery.

“What shall you do when you land, Pierre?”

“First,” he said, “I must make my way to rejoin my regiment, wherever it may be, and report myself. As soon as I have done that I shall ask for leave, and then I shall go to see my father.”

I suppose it was not a very wonderful thing that we had never yet learned from him where his father lived and what was his calling. In the same way Pierre had not learned from any of us all the history of the family. He knew that Raymond’s father was one of those who were shot at Toulon, after the taking of the town, and he knew that these two ladies, with Raymond, had been rescued from the flames of the burning city. That, I suppose, was all he knew.

“Where does he live, your father?”

“My father lives now on his estate. He bought it when it was confiscated as the property of a *ci-devant*. The house, I believe, was nearly destroyed by the Revolutionists. I have never seen it, because I was at school until, at fifteen, I was drafted into the army. I have often wondered how he got the money to buy the estate, because we were always so poor that sometimes there was not money enough for food.”

“What was his calling?”

“I hardly know. He is an ingenious man, who knows everything. He is a poet, and used to write songs and sing them himself in the *café* for money. Once he wrote an opera, music and all, which was played at the theater. Sometimes he taught music, and sometimes dancing; sometimes he acted. Whatever he did, we were always just as



poor—nothing made any difference. He was a son of the people, and he taught me from the first to hate the aristocrats and the Church.”

“Yes,” said Madame. “It is now two generations since that education was begun. Fatal are its fruits.”

“Although he was so good an actor and singer, and could make people laugh, my father was not a happy man. As long as I can remember he was gloomy. Always he seemed to be brooding over things which have been set right now—the privileges of the nobility and the oppression of the people. When the Revolution came he was the first to rejoice. Ah! those were wonderful times.”

“They were truly wonderful,” said Madame.

“It was in 1794, the year before I went into the ranks, that he bought the estate. By what means he procured the money I know not. To be sure, they were cheap; the estates of the *ci-devants*.”

“Where is your father’s estate?” asked Madame.

“There was a great town-house as well,” Pierre went on. “*Ma foi!* It was not cheerful in that town-house, for the mob had destroyed all the furniture, and we had no money to buy more. The rooms were large, and at night were full of noises—rats, I suppose; ghosts, perhaps. My father used to wander about the dark rooms, and, naturally, this made him grow more gloomy. All his old friends had gone, I know not where. He seemed left quite alone. Then I was drawn for the army, and I have not seen my father since.”

“Where is the estate, Pierre?” asked Mme. Claire again.

“It belonged to a family of tyrants. They had oppressed the country for a thousand years.”

“I should like to know the name of these tyrants,” said Madame.

Pierre laughed.

“My father always said so. Pardon me, *ma mère*. I have learned that he used to talk with extravagance; no doubt they were not tyrants at all. But they were Nobles—oh! of the noblest. The estate lies on the banks of the river Durance. There was a great Château there formerly, but it is now destroyed.”

“On the Durance?”

Madame sat upright full of interest.



“Yes; not many leagues from Aix, in Provence. There is a village beside the Château called Eyragues.”

This reply was like a shower of rain from a clear sky.

“Eyragues! Eyragues!” cried Madame, dropping her work. “There is only one Château d’Eyragues.”

“They are talking, my dear,” said the poor mad lady to the spirit of her husband, “of the Château—our Château d’Eyragues. We shall go there again soon, shall we not? We spent many happy years at Eyragues. Well, my friend, if you wish it, Raymond shall go.”

“Young man!” Mme. Claire’s hands were trembling, her face flushed, and her voice agitated. “I heard—but that can not be—it can not be! Yet I heard— Young man, tell me who was your father? Why did he buy the place?”

“My father is what I have said—a man of the people, who hates aristos, Kings, and priests. I know not why he bought it. The Château was destroyed by the people of Aix soon after the taking of Toulon, and the land was sold to the highest bidder.”

“Gavotte,” said Madame. “I know not any Gavotte. Who could he be? There was no Gavotte in the village.”

“It is droll,” said Pierre, laughing. “His name was not Gavotte at all. It was Leroy—Louis Leroy. They made him change it in the times when they were furiously Republican. Louis Leroy—that could not be endured; so they called him Scipio, or Cato, or some such nonsense—it was their way in those days—and gave him the surname of Gavotte, which he still keeps.”

“Oh!” Mme. Claire sunk back in her chair. “This is none other than the doing of Heaven itself,” she murmured, gazing upon the young man, who looked astonished, as well he might.

“Much more blood, my dear friend?” It was the voice of the Countess, talking with her dead husband. “You say that there must be much more blood? It is terrible. But not again the blood of the innocent.”

“This is the hand of God,” said Mme. Claire again.

“Why, *ma mère*—” Pierre began.

“Truly the hand of God.”

How can I describe the transformation of this meek, resigned, and patient nun into an inspired prophetess? Mme. Claire sat upright, her eyes gazing before her as if she saw



what we could not see. Suddenly she sprung to her feet, and with clasped hands she spoke words which, she declared afterward, were put into her mouth. "Unhappy boy!" she began. "Oh, you know not—you have never known—what your father did. But the people of Aix knew; and even the Revolutionists—his friends—fell from him. There is not a man in the town fallen so low as to sit in his company, or to speak with him. Learn the shameful story, though the knowledge fill your heart with sorrow and even your head with shame. His name is Louis Leroy—named Louis by his father, but Leroy was the name of his mother. His father was the seigneur of that Château which is now his own; and you—you who have been taught to hate your forefathers—you are that seigneur's grandson. I remember your father, he was a boy who refused to work; they sent him away from the village, and he went to Aix, where he lived upon his wits and upon the money his half-brother would give him. Yes, his half-brother, who was none other than my murdered brother. And who murdered him? Unhappy man! it was your father. Oh, woe—woe—woe to Cain! It was your father who denounced his own brother at Toulon. But for him he might have escaped. Louis Leroy, whom my brother had befriended, spoke the word that sent him to his death, and now sits, his brother's blood upon his hands, in the place which he has bought for himself. Your father—alas, your father!"

"Madame," I cried, "for mercy's sake, spare him!" for the young man's face was terrible to behold.

She swayed backward and forward, and I thought that she would have fallen.

"The vengeance of Heaven never fails," she said. "For many years have I looked for news of this man. Once—twice—I knew not how, he has been struck. A third and a more terrible blow will fall upon him—through his son—but I know not how. Yet he has done nothing—this poor boy—he is innocent; he knows nothing; and yet—and yet—oh, Molly, I am constrained to speak."

"Oh, Madame!"

"Through his son—through his son— Oh, unhappy man! unhappy son!"

"Madame, for mercy's sake, say something to console him."



She made no reply, her eyes still gazing upon something which we saw not.

Then she suddenly became again herself—soft-eyed, gentle—and tears ran down her cheeks.

“Pierre!” she said, holding out her hands. But he shrunk back. “My son whom I love; for whom I have prayed. Oh, Pierre, what is it that you have told us?” It seemed as if she knew not what she had said. “Oh, I understand now the resemblance. You are Raymond’s cousin.”

“My father,” Pierre said presently. “My father—a murderer?”

“Alas, it is true!”

“My father!”

“It is true, Pierre. Ask me no more. What! Did no one ever tell you of the Arnaults? Yet you have lived in our house at Aix—the old house, with the pilasters outside, and the carved wood-work within, and everywhere the arms of the Arnaults carved and painted.”

“Yes; I know of these; but I knew not that you—that Raymond— I never thought that you were so great a family. I had no suspicion of my father’s birth. I knew nothing. I was told that the Arnaults were tyrants who had committed detestable crimes. That was the way they talked in those days. All the Nobles had committed detestable crimes.”

“Alas! our crimes—what were they? Oh, Pierre, I would to Heaven that you had gone away before this dreadful thing had been discovered. I would to Heaven that you had never found it out at all, and so lived out your life in happy ignorance of this shameful story. There are things which Heaven will not suffer to be concealed. It is through me that you have found out the truth; forgive me, Pierre. Let us forgive each other and pray; oh, you can not pray, child of the Revolution! Pierre—” he was so overwhelmed with shame, his cheek flushed, his lip quivering, his head bent, that she was filled with pity—“Let us console each other. After the town was taken, I think my brother might have been killed, whether any witnesses were forced to speak against him or not. Yes, the evidence mattered little; he was the Comte d’Eyragues; he was one of those who brought the British troops into the city; yes, he must have been condemned.”



"But my father denounced him. And here—" he pointed to the Countess.

"She is the victim of that dreadful night which no one can ever forget who passed through it, and of the suspense when we waited anxiously for news of her husband, but heard none till we landed at Portsmouth and learned the truth."

At this moment Raymond opened the door and burst into the room.

"Courage, Pierre!" he cried, joyously, "to-morrow you shall leave your prison. I wish thee joy, brother, promotion, and good fortune. When we go back to our own, if ever we do, I promise thee a hearty welcome, if it be only among the ruins of our old house."

Pierre made no reply.

"You will write to me, will you not? That is agreed. Tell me how everything is changed, and if it is true that there are no longer any men left to till the fields, but the women must do all the work. If you go to Aix, go and look for our house—everybody knows the Hotel Arnault—tell me if it still stands."

Still Pierre made no reply.

"Molly, have you nothing to give him, that he may remember you by? You must find a keepsake for him. Pierre, it is the English custom for friends when they part to drink together. We will conform to the English custom."

Thus far he talked without observing how Pierre stood, with hanging head, his eyes dropped, his cheek burning, the very picture and effigy of shame. Raymond laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Come, comrade, let us two crack a bottle as the English use—"

But Pierre shrunk away from him.

"Do not touch me," he cried, "do not dare to touch me. I am a man accursed."

He seized his hat and rushed away.

"Why," asked Raymond, in astonishment, "what ails Pierre?"

"We spoke," said Mme. Claire quietly, "of the Revolution in which his father took a part, and we have shamed him."

"They spoke," echoed the mad woman, "of the Revo-



lution. He is a child of the Revolution, which devours everything, even her own children."

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## CHAPTER VII.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE PRISONERS.

TWICE has it been my lot to witness the general departure of prisoners after the signing of peace between Great Britain and France, namely in the year 1802 and the year 1814. As for their arrival, it seems now as if they were being brought in every day for nearly two-and-twenty years, so long, with the brief interval of one year, did this contest rage. Besides the general discharge there was a constant exchange of prisoners—chiefly, I believe, those who were sick and disabled from serving again—by cartel. A general discharge is quite another thing; for, immediately before such an event, the prison rules are relaxed, the prison becomes transformed into a palace of joy. There is nothing all day long, except singing, dancing, and drinking; one would believe, to witness these extravagant rejoicings of the soldiers and sailors, that they were released forever from all hardships of toil and service, and that the Reign of Plenty, Leisure, and Peace was immediately to begin.

"But Liberty," said Raymond, "is the dearest of all man's rights; and, besides, at home they have their wives and sweethearts. Love, Molly, is not confined to this island of Great Britain."

Those who made the greatest show of rejoicing were certainly the French; the Spaniards, as they took their imprisonment sullenly, received the news of their release without outward emotion. No one, it is certain, can seriously wish to return to a country where they have the Inquisition. The Dutch, of whom many, as I have said, had volunteered for British service, heard the news of the peace with national phlegm; the poor negroes, most of whom were dead and the rest fallen into a kind of stupid apathy, were unaffected; the Vendean privateers with terror, thinking that General Hoche was still in their midst, ready to shoot them down.

The embarkation of so many prisoners was not effected in a single day. Some were sent across to Dunkirk; some—those from Portsmouth and Porchester—to Dieppe; those



from Plymouth—some of whom were taken across in coasters—to Havre.

In the morning of the embarkation the narrow beach was crowded with those who came, like ourselves, to bid farewell, for we were not the only people who had friends among the prisoners. They came from Fareham, from the country round Southwick, from Cosham, from Titchbrook, and from Portsmouth and Gosport. There were sea-captains among them, come to see once more the prisoners they had made; with them were army officers, country squires, and young fellows, the country Jessamys, like my cousin Tom, who had made friends among the French officers at horse-races, over the punch-bowl, and at the cock-pit. They came riding, brave in Hessian boots and padded shoulders. Among them were many ladies, and I think it is true, as was then alleged, that many a sore heart was left behind when the young French officers were released. But only to see the heartiness of the farewells, the happiness of those who went away, and the congratulations of those who sent them away, and how they shook hands, and came back, and then again shook hands, and swore to see each other again—'twould have moved the stoniest heart! Who would have thought that yonder handsome officer, gallant in cocked hat, blue coat, and white pantaloons, amid the group of English ladies, to whom he was bidding farewell, was their hereditary enemy? Or who would believe that yonder gray-headed veteran, clasping the hand of a jovial Hampshire squire, had fought all his life against Great Britain? Or, again, could that little company, who had so often met at the cock-pit, or at the bull-baiting, and who now were drinking together before they separated (my cousin Tom was one), become again deadly enemies? Alas! why should men fight when, if they would but be just to others and to themselves, there would be no need of any wars at all? Lastly, there were the rank and file, the privates and sailors, drinking about in friendship with our honest militiamen, as if the Reign of Peace was already come, instead of a short respite only.

I suppose there was never seen so various a collection of uniforms on this beach. Among them were the sailors of France, Holland, and Spain, alike with differences. Dress them exactly alike, if you will, but surely no one would ever take a Frenchman for a Hollander, or a Spaniard for



a Frenchman. I know not what are the various uniforms of the Republican army, but here were grenadier hats of bearskin, round beavers, hats with the red cockade, cocked hats with gold lace, caps with a peak and a high feather, the old three-corner hats, the common round hat with a red plume, the brass helmet, the red Republican cap, the blue thread cap, and a dozen others. And as for the coats and facings, they were of all colors, but mostly they seemed blue with drab facings. The French naval officers, in their blue jackets, red waistcoats, and blue pantaloons, looked more like soldiers than sailors. Some of the officers had been prisoners for five or six years, so that their uniform coats were worn threadbare, or even ragged, their epaulettes and gold lace tarnished, and their crimson seams faded. Yet they made a gallant show, and but for the absence of their swords, looked as if they were dressed for a review. The common sort were barefoot—which was common in the Republican armies—and is no hardship to sailors. Some of them having quite worn out their own clothes, wore the yellow suit provided by the British Government for the foreign prisoners.

Among the prisoners were their two priests. They, at least, were well pleased that the Reign of Atheism was over, and religion was once more established according to the will of the Pope.

Now, as we passed through the throng, the men all parted right and left, Madame saying a last word now to one and now to another of her friends, while even those who scoffed the loudest at religion, paid the lady the respect due to her virtues. She was an aristocrat, and they were citizens, equal, and of common brotherhood—at least they said so; she a Christian and they atheists; she a Royalist, and they Republicans; yet not one among them but regarded her with gratitude.

She spoke to a young fellow in the dress of a common sailor, who looked as if he belonged to a better class, saying a few words of good wishes.

“Yes,” he replied bitterly, “I go home. When last I saw the house it was in flames, when last I saw my father he was being dragged away to be shot; my mother and sisters were guillotined in the Terror, and I escaped by going on board a privateer. What shall I find in the new France of which they speak so much? They have left off



murdering us; I suppose they will even suffer me to carry a musket in the ranks."

Apart from the groups of those who drank, and those who exchanged farewells, we found Pierre standing alone with gloomy looks.

"My son," said Madame, "we have come to bid you farewell."

He raised his eyes heavily, but dropped them again. The sight of Madame was like the stroke of a whip.

"It is not so bad for you to look upon me as for me to hear your voice," he said.

"Pierre, my son"—she held out her hand, but he refused to take it, not rudely, but as one who is unworthy—

"Pierre, be patient. As for what has happened, I was constrained to tell you. Oh, I could not choose but tell you. Yet it was no sin or fault of yours, poor boy. If any disaster befall you by act of God, accept it with resignation. It is for the sin of another. Count it as an atonement—for him. So if sufferings come to you—what do I say? Alas! I must be a prophetess, my son, because I know—yes, I know—that disaster will fall upon you, but I know not of what kind. Yet be assured that there is nothing ordered by Providence which can hurt your soul."

"My soul," cried Pierre, impetuously. "My soul! What is it, my soul?" He laughed in his Republican infidelity. "What is it, and where is it? It is my life that is ruined, do you understand? You have taken away my honor—my pride—and my ambition. You have taken all that I had, and you bid me think of my soul."

"When you go to the South—to Aix—you will see your father, Pierre. Fail not, I charge you, fail not to tell him that we have forgiven—yes, three of us have forgiven—the dead man, and the mad woman, and the religieuse—and the fourth—the son—does not know. Say that we all forgive him, and, for the sake of his son, we pray for him."

Then Pierre, in the presence of the whole multitude—no British soldier would have done such a thing—fell upon his knees and kissed Madame's hand. When he rose his eyes were full of tears.

"Pierre," I said, "remember, you have promised to send us a letter. Write to me, Pierre, if not to Raymond, will you not?"

He shook his head sadly. "If," he said, "there should



happen anything worth telling you, anything by which you could think of me with pity as well as forgiveness, I would write.”

As you will hear presently, he kept this promise in the end.

Truly it was sorrowful to see the young man, so full of shame, who, but the day before, had been so full of joy and pride. Happy, indeed, is he whose father has lived an honorable life! It is better to be the son of a good man than the son of a rich man.

“I have no right,” he said, “to ask of you the least thing.”

“Ask what you please, Pierre.”

“Then, if it be possible, let not Raymond know. We have been friends, we have talked and laughed together, I have accepted from him a thousand gifts; let him not know, if it can be avoided, that the man who—who now lives at Château d’Eyragues is my father.”

“We will not tell him. Raymond shall learn nothing from us that will trouble his friendship for you, Pierre.”

We kept our promise, but, had we broken it, how much misery we should have spared Raymond! how different would have been the lot of Pierre!

“We will never tell him,” I repeated. “Oh, Pierre! We are so sorry—so sorry. Forget yesterday evening, and remember only the happy days you have spent with Raymond and with me.”

But then his turn came. The great ships’ launches were drawn up, each rowed by a dozen sailors, and commanded by a midshipman, who steered. The last time these launches came up the harbor, in each boat stood a dozen marines, stationed in the bow and stern, armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, while every sailor had his cutlass, and the boat was crammed with prisoners gloomy and downcast. Now the only arms on board consisted of the midshipman’s dirk, there were no marines, the sailors had no cutlasses, and they hailed the prisoners with cheers.

Pierre pressed my hand, and once more kissed Madame’s fingers. Then he took his place. The rest of the boat-load showed every outward sign of rejoicing, Pierre alone sat in his place with hanging head.

“They are gone,” said my cousin Tom. He had been drinking and his face was red. “They are gone. Well,



there were good men and true among them. Would that the rest of their nation would follow! especially all—I say—who kick when they fight. Well—every man gets his turn.”

The launches kept coming and going day after day until the last prisoner was taken off the beach. Then the garrison was left in the Castle by itself.

When the militia regiments were presently disbanded and sent home the Castle was quite empty. Then they sent boats from the Dockyard with men, who carried away the hammocks and the furniture, such as it was; took down the wooden buildings, and carried away the timber; pulled down the canteen, the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, burned the rubbish left behind by the prisoners, and left the Castle empty and deserted. We might climb the stairs of the keep to the top, passing all the silent chambers, where so many of them had slept; the chapel was stripped of its altar; the stoves were taken out of the kitchens; and the grass began to grow again in the court, which had been their place of resort and exercise. There were no traces left of the French occupants, except the names that they had carved on the stones, the half-finished carvings in wood and bone, which they left behind, and the rude tools which they had used. Once, I found lying rusted in a dark chamber one of the daggers which they made for themselves with a file, sharpened and pointed, stuck in a piece of wood. Strange it was at first to wander in those empty courts, and to think of the monotonous time which the cruel war imposed upon those poor fellows.

“They are gone,” said Raymond. “Well, let us hope that every man will find his mistress waiting faithfully for him. As for Pierre, who certainly had a bee in his bonnet, his only mistress is Mme. la Guerre. He loved no other. She is horribly old; covered with scars, hacked about with sword and spear, and riddled with shot. Yet he loves her. She is dressed in regimental flags, she gives her lovers crowns of laurel which cost her nothing, titles which she invents, and a promise of immortality which she means to break. Poor Pierre! We shall never see him again, but we may hear of him.”



## CHAPTER VIII.

## HE CAN NOT CHOOSE BUT GO.

THUS began the Peace, which it was hoped would be lasting, but came to an end after a short twelve months. Porchester became once more the village out of the way, standing in no high-road, without travelers or stage-coaches. In its quiet streets there were no longer heard the voices of the soldiers at the tavern, or those of the prisoners on parole, or the nightly watch. There is never a hearty welcome to peace from those who prosper by war. I confess that when the boat came back with half its contents unsold, one was tempted to lament, with Sally, that war could not go on forever. As for the towns of Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport, their condition threatened to become deplorable, because the Dock-yard was reduced, the militia sent home, and many thousands of sailors paid off. It has been said, by those who know Portsmouth well, that the petition, every Sunday morning, for peace in our time, meets with a response which is cold and without heart.

Now, however, all the talk was concerning France open to travelers after the years of Republican government. Not only did the prisoners go back, but the *émigrés* themselves, thinking that, although their estates were gone and their rank had no longer any value, it was better to live in one's native land than on a strange soil, began to flock back in great numbers. Great Britain had abandoned their cause; why should they any more stand apart from their own people? They went back trembling, lest they should find the guillotine erected to greet their return. But times had changed. The people had found out that even though there were neither Kings nor Nobles, their lives were not a whit easier and their work just as tedious. But the France to which they returned was very different from the France in which they had grown up, and the old Order was clean gone with the old ideas.

Not only did the *émigrés* return, but crowds of English travelers flocked across the Channel to see Paris, which had been closed to them for ten years. They met, we are told,



a most gracious welcome from the inn-keepers, tradesmen, and all those with whom they spent their money.

Is it, then, wonderful that Raymond should grow restless, thus hearing continually of the country which, however much we might pretend to call him an Englishman, was really his native land.

"Molly," he said, "I am drawn and dragged as if by strong ropes toward the country. I feel that I must go across the Channel, even if I have to row myself over in an open boat and walk barefoot all the way to Paris. I must see Paris. I must see this brave army which hath overrun Europe."

"But, Raymond, it would cost a great sum of money."

"Yes, Molly"—his face fell—"more money than we possess; therefore, I fear I must renounce the idea. Molly," there were times when Raymond flashed into fire, and showed that a gentle exterior might cover a sleeping volcano, "Molly, this village suits thy tender and gentle heart, but it is a poor life, only to endure the days that follow. The lot of Pierre, though the end may be a corpse with a bullet through the heart, seems sometimes better than this."

This was no passing fancy or whim, but the desire grew upon him daily to see his native country, insomuch that he began to take little interest in anything else, and would be always reading or talking about France. It has been wisely observed of all *émigrés* that in secret they rejoiced at the wonderful triumphs of the French arms under Bonaparte—successes far surpassing any other in history, even under the great Turenne himself.

In a word, nothing would serve but that Raymond must go. He had but little money, and it was necessary that he should have enough for his expenses, though he was to travel cheaply. Therefore, the usual expedient was resorted to, and the rest of the small jewels taken from the Holy Rose.

He left us.

"There is no danger," I said to Mme. Claire. "The country is peaceful, and he will be as safe as with us at home."

"I know not, child," she replied. "When I think of France I see nothing but maddened mobs rushing about the streets, bearing on their pikes the heads of innocent



women and loyal men. Yes—yes—I know. All that is over. Yet I remember it.”

“The First Consul has turned all these mobs into soldiers.”

“And there is the man Gavotte. Suppose Raymond should fall into his hands.”

“Why, France is large. It is not likely that they will meet. And the man could not harm Raymond if he wished.”

“My dear,” she said, pointing to the Holy Rose, stripped and bare, “all the jewels are now gone. There is nothing left but the trunk and the dead branches.”

He traveled with a passport which described him as Raymond Arnold, British subject, and artist by profession. Had we carefully devised beforehand the method which would be most likely to lead to his destruction, we could not have hit upon a better plan. For, while France was most suspicious of British subjects, the passport described him as one, it concealed his nationality, altered his name, and gave him the profession which would most readily lend color to suspicion, and support to the most groundless charges.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### RAYMOND'S JOURNEY.

So Raymond left us, and for my own part I had no fears, none at all. Why should there be dangers in France more than in England? In both countries there are thieves, murderers, and footpads. In both there are honest men. Those who consort with honest men do not generally encounter rogues. Raymond was not one of those who put themselves willingly in company where rogues are mostly found. We had letters from him. First a letter from Paris. He had seen the First Consul at a review of troops. “He was, after all, only a little man,” Raymond wrote, “but he wore in his face the air of one accustomed to command.” At this time he was little more than thirty years of age, yet the foremost man in all Europe. “Molly,” Raymond said, “I confess that my heart glowed with admiration at the sight of this great commander and that of



the brave troops whom he hath led to so many victories. They are not tall men, as you already know from the sight of the prisoners, but they are full of spirit, and their marching is quicker than that of our own—the British troops. I forget not that here I am an Englishman traveling as a subject of His Majesty King George. I am staying at a hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, one of the principal streets in the town. The place is full of English visitors, and we all go about with our mouths wide open, looking at the wonders of Paris. I shall have plenty to tell you, dear, in the winter evenings. I have seen the place where the Bastille stood, and the great Cathedrals of Notre Dame and St. Denis, and the Palaces of the Louvre and Versailles; above all I have seen the prison of the Queen. The people are very lively and fond of spectacles and theaters, fairs and noise. I find that my French is antiquated, and there are many words and idioms used which are strange to me. But the Parisians talk a language of their own, which changes from day to day, and is always full of little terms and illusions, which no stranger or provincial can understand. Last night I went to the Théâtre des Variétés to hear a Vaudeville which contained a hundred good things, all of which I lost from not understanding the talk of the day. The ingenious author of the piece was this morning shown to me at a *café*. This happy man, who can make a whole theater full of people laugh and forget their troubles, is himself one who is always laughing and singing.”

If I refrain from copying more of Raymond's letters you must not suppose that they were short, or that they contained nothing but his adventures and observations. They were long letters, delightful to read, only there were some passages which in reading them aloud I was compelled to pass on in silence, because they were meant for no ear but mine. The things which a lover whispers to his sweetheart must not be told to any one, though, indeed, I suppose all men say much the same things, since our language contains no more than a dozen words of endearment, so that they have no choice. Now, after Raymond had been in Paris about three weeks he thought that he must begin his journey south.

He traveled by the stage coach, which in France is called a diligence; it is much slower than our flying coaches, while the roads are much worse than ours, being not only



narrow but also rendered dangerous by the deep ruts made by the heavy wagons. Before the Revolution they were kept in repair by forced labor. The roads being so bad, it is not wonderful that people travel no more than they are obliged. The diligence is, however, cheap, and as its progress is slow, one can see a good deal on the way. Thus Raymond saw the Palace of Fontainebleau, formerly inhabited by the Kings of France; he visited also the old city of Dijon, once the capital of Burgundy; the city of Lyons, which was destroyed by the Revolutionary army a little before they took Toulon, and many other places, all of which are set down in the map of France, which we now keep to show the children how great a traveler their father has been. He also made many drawings on the way, some of the women in their white caps, some of the peasants, some of churches and castles, but all these drawings were lost by an unexpected event, which I have presently to tell you.

At Lyons he left the stage coach, and took passage on one of the boats which go down the Rhone, and are called water coaches. They are crowded with people, and one sleeps on board, but the cabins are close, and there is not room for all to lie. Raymond found, however, that this mode of travel was vastly more pleasant than the coach with the dust and the noise. This journey terminated at a place called Arles, from which he wrote to me.

“I am at last,” he said, “in my own country, among the people who use the language of my childhood. It is strange to hear them all talking as we love to talk in our cottage at Porchester. One seems back in England again. The people think it strange that an Englishman should know their tongue. I told them that I knew an English girl who knows the language and can speak it as well as myself. They are friendly to me, though they have the reputation of being quick-tempered and ready to strike. We stayed an hour or two at Avignon, where is an old broken bridge over the river, and in the town there are many remains of antiquity, with stone walls, and a great building once the palace of the Pope. At the town of Arles, where I write, there are Roman buildings; a vast circus all of stone, where they used to have fights of gladiators, and where the people used to throng in order to witness the torture of Christian martyrs. My dear, I am now within two days’ journey of my birthplace. The nearer I



draw the more dearly do I remember it. The Château d'Eyragues stands upon a low cliff rising above the river Durance, which is wide and shallow, and subject to sudden floods. It is a large white house, with an ancient square tower at one end. The windows, which are small and high, are provided with green jalousies to keep out the sun. There is a broad veranda in front of the house; on one side is a garden, and on the other side a farmyard, with turkeys, and fowls, and geese; here are also the dogs and the stables, and here is a great pigeon-house, with hundreds of pigeons flying about. It is the privilege of the Seigneur to keep pigeons, which eat up the corn of the farmers. Overhead is a sky always blue; the hills are bare and treeless; there are groves of gray olives, and the fields, which for the greater part of the year are dry and bare, are protected from the cold mistral wind by a kind of screen made of reeds. There are vines in the fields, and there are groves of mulberry-trees planted for the sake of the silkworms. It is, I confess, a country which few love save those who are born in it. The people are passionate, jealous, and headstrong; they do nothing in cold blood; they hate and love with equal ardor. My Molly, you love one of them. Will you be warned in time?

"To-morrow I leave for the Rhone, and make for Aix, whence it is but a short journey to the village of Eyragues. How well I remember the last time I went to Aix! We traveled in our great gilt coach, hung upon springs, from the Château to our house. It must have been early in the year 1793. My father was already melancholy and a prey to gloomy forebodings. But he was the Count d'Eyragues, and a grand Seigneur, and now his son is plain Mister Arnold, and a humble English traveler, who can not afford post-horses, but journeys in the panier with the common folk. Adieu, my well-beloved; I will write to thee again from Aix."

A week later there came another endearing, delightful letter.

"I am at Aix," he said. "I am at last, and after a tedious journey of three days, at Aix. The distance, which is not quite fifty miles, or thereabouts, from Arles, would be covered on an English high-road in a single day. Here, however, the roads are bad, the carriages heavy, and the horses weak and in poor condition. All the best horses, I



am told, have been taken for the cavalry. The road is not, moreover, what you would call a high-road, but a cross-country road, passing over a level plain through villages; and the coach, which is little better than a great, clumsy basket, was filled with farmers and small proprietors, talking of bad times and the war. There was also a *commis-voyageur*, that is, a traveling clerk, or rider, going, he told me, from Arles to Aix, and thence to Toulon. He wanted to talk French to me, and was continually expressing his astonishment to find that an Englishman should wish to visit this part of the country at all; and, secondly, that an Englishman should be able to speak the Provençal language. I told him I was often surprised myself, because, with the exception of a single young lady of my acquaintance, there was probably no one in England, apart from the *émigrés*, who could speak it like myself.

“ ‘Monsieur,’ said my *commis-voyageur*, ‘has the air of a Provençal. Oh! quite the air of a Provençal. I have seen Englishmen. There are English prisoners at Marseilles; and I have seen English sailors at Bordeaux. Never did I see an Englishman who resembled Monsieur.’ This gentleman is right, and he, for his part, has the air of one who suspects me. Let him, however, suspect what he pleases. I have my passport. I am not a political agent, and I am engaged in nothing that I wish to conceal. I conversed freely with the people. Alas! they are no longer Royalists. The events of the last ten years have turned their heads. Though the wars have made them no richer, but have killed their young men and laid the most terrible burdens upon the country—it is certain that France has suffered far more than England—the splendid successes of the French arms have turned their heads. Nevertheless, everybody is afraid that war may break out again at any moment—in Paris they speak openly of speedily sweeping us from the seas—and pray that the peace may be lasting.

“ I asked them about many things: the condition of the country, the change from the old order—I understand now that it can never return—the army, the state of religion, the cultivation of the fields—everything that one wants to know when returning to his native land after a long absence.

“ ‘Decidedly,’ said my friend, the *commis-voyageur*,



‘Monsieur is curious. Monsieur probably proposes to write a book of travels.’

“The road is lined for the greater part of the way with plane-trees, all bent over in the same direction and at the same height, by the mistral wind, just as on the King’s bastion at Portsmouth the trees are all bent down by the wind from the sea. At this season Provence looks green and beautiful; the planes are coming into leaf, the *Arbre Judas*, which grows in the gardens, is in full flower; there is whitethorn in plenty; the mulberries have not begun to lose their leaves; while the cypresses, of which my people are so fond, and their gray olives, and even the long lines of reeds with which they shelter their fields from the mistral, look well behind the green maize. In two months the white road will be a foot deep in dust, the leaves by the road-side will be white with dust, and the mulberry-trees will be stripped of their foliage for the silkworms. As for flowers, there are few here compared with those in the English fields; but there are some, especially when a canal for irrigation runs beside the road, crossed here and there by its *passerelle*—the little foot-bridge. There are few wayfarers along the road, and in the fields the workers are chiefly women.

“Our journey took three days, the sleeping accommodation in the villages being poor, but better than that in the boats. Here, at Aix, everything is good and comfortable.

“I have been sketching in the town; I have made a drawing of our town house, which is an old house in a dark and narrow street. It stands round three sides of a court, in which are lilacs and fig-trees, and a fountain. I did not ask to whom the house now belongs, but I begged permission of the *concierge* to sketch it. There being no one at home I was allowed to sit in the court and make my drawing. I have also sketched the cathedral and the Church of St. John, where my ancestors lie buried. Happily, their tombs were not defaced by the Revolutionists.

“My dearest Molly, there remains to be seen only the old Château, and the place where my father died. Some day, perhaps, we may be able to erect a monument to him as well, though his body lies we know not where.

“To-morrow I walk to Eyragues, which is not more than ten miles from Aix. Shall I find the Château as we left it? But my father, who used to walk upon the terrace



before the house, will be there no longer. I hope to write from Toulon. Farewell, my love, farewell!"

The letter reached us at the end of April. We waited patiently at first for the promised successor. None came the next week, and none the week after. Then I, for my part, began to grow impatient. Day by day I went out to meet the post-boy from Fareham. Sometimes he turned at the road which leads to the Castle, and blew his horn at the Vicarage. But none for me. And the weeks passed by and nothing more was heard.

Now, by our calculations, the time for a letter to reach Porchester from Aix being eighteen days, if Raymond had arrived at Toulon about the middle of April, supposing that his business kept him there no more than two or three days, he would proceed to Marseilles, and thence make his way as rapidly as he could across France, and so home, and should arrive by the middle of May. That is the reason, I said, trying to assure myself, though I spent the nights in tears and prayers, why he has not written another letter, because he is posting homeward as speedily as he can travel and comes as fast as any letter. He will be with us, therefore, about the middle of May.

The middle of May passed and he did not return, nor was there any letter from him.

Now on the 18th of May, in that year, a very grave step was taken by His Majesty the King. He declared war against France. Those who were in State secrets have since assured the world that this step was not taken without due consideration, and a full knowledge of its importance; and, further, that in declaring war, the King only anticipated the intentions of Bonaparte, whose only reason for deferring his declaration was that he might find time to build more ships.

Well, even though war was declared, Raymond was a man of peace who would be suffered to return. It was not likely that a war, which would not greatly move the hearts of the people, the causes for which lay in political reasons which they could not understand, would exasperate the French against a simple English traveler.

Letters, it is certain, sometimes miscarry; from the South of France to Hampshire is, indeed, a terrible distance. Our traveler would come home before his letter, war or no war.



Thus passed seven weeks, and then we heard that Bonaparte, by an exercise of authority which was wholly without parallel in the history of nations, had ordered that all Englishmen traveling in France, even peaceful merchants and clergymen, should be detained. Among them, no doubt, was Raymond.

But other *détenus*, as they were called, wrote letters home, which were duly forwarded and received. Why did not Raymond write?

It was through me—oh, through me, and none other—that he went away. I encouraged him to talk about his old home; I fed the flame of desire to see it again. Had it not been for me he would have stayed at home, and now we should have been all happy together—safe and happy. But now—where was he? In a French prison, in rags, like our French prisoners, with no money. How could we get to him? How help him? How know even where he was?

“My child,” said Mme. Claire, “we are in the hands of Heaven. Do not reproach yourself. Raymond was filled with longing to see his native land again. Nay, what can have happened to him but detention with the other English travelers?”

While I wept and wrung my hands, and Mme. Claire consoled me, and we sought to find reasons for this long silence, it was strange to listen to the poor mad woman, laughing and singing, and talking to her dead husband, chiefly about Raymond.

“The boy has grown tall, my friend,” she would say. “The time comes when we must find a wife for him; then, in our old age, we shall have our grandchildren round us. When he comes home he shall marry; he will come now very soon.”

It seemed as if in some imperfect way she understood that her son was gone somewhere. Perhaps it was to comfort us that she kept repeating the words, “He will come home soon; he will come home soon.”

Alas! the time soon arrived when those words were a mockery!

It was at the beginning of the tenth week that we received one more letter in that dear handwriting. But what a letter. Oh, what a letter! for it left us without one gleam of hope or comfort.

“I should meet my love in Heaven,” said Madame.



Alas! Heaven at nineteen seems so far away; and to one whose heart is wholly given to an earthly passion, Heaven seems a joyless place. Sure I am that if when one is young the choice was offered of a continuance of earthly joys, which we know, with youth and health and plenty, or of the unknown heavenly joys, though we are plainly told that mind can not conceive and tongue can not tell their raptures, we should, for the most part, prefer the former.

Oh this letter! Can I, now, think of it without a sinking of the heart, and a wonder that the letter did not kill me on the spot. The postman stopped at our garden-gate; 'twas a morning in June; the lilacs and laburnums were still out; all the roses were in blossom, and the sun was so warm that one was able already to sit in the open air. At sight of the man my heart leaped up. He had a letter for me, which he held up and laughed—for he knew my impatience and anxiety—and I rushed to the gate and took it. Yes, it was in my Raymond's handwriting. I left the postman to get his money from Sally, and ran as fast as I could to the cottage, my letter in my hand.

"A letter!" I cried. "A letter from Raymond! Oh, at last, at last; now we shall know."

Then I tore open the seal and read it aloud.

"MY DEAREST MOLLY,—This is the last letter you will ever receive from your lover—"

His last letter?

"Quick!" cried Madame; "read it quickly."

"I am in prison at Toulon. I have but a few minutes given to me for this letter, in which I should have said so much had I time. My dear—my dear—I am about to die. Farewell. Try to forget me, my poor heart. Oh, think of me as one who lived in thy heart for a little and was then called away. I am to be guillotined for an English spy in the very place where, ten years ago, they shot my father. It is strange that my death should be like his, and in the same way. I am not a spy, as you know; but I have failed to convince my judges. I was tried this very day, and I am to die to-morrow morning amidst the execrations of the people. Is not this a strange destiny for father and son? Kiss my mother for me. By the time this letter reaches you she will be already conversing with the spirit of her



son as well as that of her husband; for, my dear, where could my spirit rest if not near thee? And, if my father's soul hath obtained this privilege, why not mine? My spirit can have no terrors for thee. I had much to tell; but now you will never hear what has happened to me, and why. I am promised that this letter shall be sent to thee. To-morrow I am to die. Farewell—farewell—farewell. Oh, Molly, my sweet girl, I kiss the place where I write thy name. Farewell, my dear. Farewell—”

I know not how I was able to read this letter aloud, for every word was like a dagger plunged into my heart. Oh! a thousand daggers would have been better than this letter so full of love and pity, and yet so terrible with its message.

Pass over this day. Think, if you can, how Madame fell upon her knees and prayed—not for herself, but for me; think how I sat with dry eyes speechless; think how my father came and wept; think how all the time the poor mad lady laughed and sung as happy as the blackbird in the orchard, and repeated, like a parrot in a cage: “He will come home soon; he will come home soon.”

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## CHAPTER X.

### IN THE TOWER.

It was not until six months later, and under circumstances which will be related in their place, that we heard what happened after Raymond left Aix.

The village of Eyragues is about ten or twelve miles from Aix, along a dusty, white road, with plane-trees on either side or avenues of the spreading poplar, or when a village or a farm-house is passed, cypresses and chestnuts.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at the place.

A low hill rises, steep on the south side, and on the west with a gentle slope. The village stands upon the slope, and on the top of the hill, where the cliff looks over the valley of the Durance, stood the Château. Here the valley is broad, and the stream shallow, running over its gravel bed with a melodious ripple, as if it was the most innocent brook in the world, though no river is more dangerous, by reason of its sudden inundations. In the cliff overlooking



the river there are caves, partly natural, partly artificial; these are used as dwelling-houses by the poorer peasants and the shepherds, the entrances being closed with wood. The village itself consists of one sloping street, in the middle of which is the church, and beside it the presbytère, or vicarage; opposite to the church, the village inn, with three shrubs in great green casks before the door, and the bunch of dry brier hanging over the door.

As Raymond drew nearer, approaching the village from the west, he remarked two or three things which seemed strange. There were no cattle in the meadows. Why, the meadows were formerly full of cattle. The bed of the river seemed to have grown broader than he remembered. When one revisits places, seen last in childhood, they generally look smaller. The buildings in the valley were roofless; the caves showed no sign of inhabitants.

He entered the street. There had been quite recently a dreadful fire, and most of the houses were destroyed wholly, or in part. Those which had escaped were shut up. The village *auberge* had its bush above the door, and its three shrubs in green tubs in front; but the door was closed, and the shrubs were dead.

And then he heard footsteps. At last, then! There was some one in the village. An old woman came out of a cottage beside the inn. She came hobbling upon two sticks, looking curiously at the stranger. She was bent with years, wrinkled, and decrepit. She advanced slowly. Suddenly she burst into a cackling kind of laugh not pleasant to hear.

“Ho, ho!” she cried. “You are come at last. Oh! I knew you would come some day. I told him that you would come.”

“Who am I, then?”

“I knew very well that you would come. But I knew that you would not come before the proper time. Oh, everything in its place. First the inundation; that carried away his cattle and destroyed his meadows. Next the burning; that took away his village. What has he left to take? There is only himself, or his son. Are you come for him, or shall you take his son?”

Raymond remembered her now. But she was old when he had last seen her, ten years before; already an old woman, living with her grandchildren.



"I know you, Mother Vidal," he said. "Why, what, in Heaven's name, has happened?"

"You are young again, Monsieur le Comte. Those who come back from the dead do well to resume their youth. In heaven we shall all be young and beautiful. Hush! He is horribly afraid. At sight of you I think he will drop down dead."

"Who?"

"Louis Leroy. Who else?"

"Where are the people, then?"

"They are gone. The war took some; the inundation took some; the burning sent the rest away. The village is deserted. The people would stay no longer in a place accursed, lest something worse should befall them. But, as for me, I am old. Nothing can hurt me now."

"Why is the place accursed?"

"Is it for you, Monsieur le Comte, to ask such a question? The curé told him, when he went away, that the wrath of the *bon Dieu* was kindled against him. Go up the hill; you will find him at the Château."

An empty and deserted village; the houses mostly burned down; nobody in the place. Here was a prospect of a pleasant night.

Raymond went on up the hill, and before long came to the top, on which the Château stood. Alas! the modern part of the house was destroyed, only the shell remaining, and beside it the ancient tower. The gardens were grown over; the farm buildings were in ruins; the great dove-cote was empty. There were no signs of life about the place at all.

There was yet about half an hour of daylight, and Raymond sat down to make the most of it. He would have time to sketch the ruins, and he would then retrace his steps, and put up for the night at some *auberge* on the way to Aix.

The tower, however, was not uninhabited. Presently a man came forth from the great door-way.

He was dressed rather better than the peasants, but looked neglected, his chin unshaven, his hair without powder, his coat old and worn. When Raymond, who had taken off his hat and was working bare-headed, saw the man at the door he rose to salute him. To his amazement the



proprietor of the tower, if the man was the proprietor, shrieked aloud and staggered.

Raymond ran to his assistance.

"Are you ill?" he asked.

The man made no reply, but his lips trembled. Raymond saw before him a man of forty-five, or perhaps fifty. His face was wolfish—the face of a man who lives alone and thinks continually of wickedness—yet the features might once have been fine.

"I am afraid," said Raymond, "that in this lonely place I have startled you. I am, however, only a harmless traveler, and I have taken the liberty of sketching this ruin, in which I have an interest."

The man recovered a little.

"I am subject," he said, biting his nails, "to sudden fits of pain. You were saying, sir, that you are a traveler."

"I am a traveler and an artist. It is my practice to make drawings of all the places which I visit."

"An artist! It is strange. What is your name, sir?"

"My name is Arnold. Would you like to see my passport?"

"Not at all, sir. Arnold! What is your Christian name?"

"It is Raymond."

"Then, sir," said the man, speaking slowly, "unless I am mistaken, your father's name was also Raymond. His full name was Raymond Arnault, Comte d'Eyragues. He was killed, I believe, at Toulon, after the capture of the city by the Revolutionary army."

"All this, sir, is quite true, though I understand not how you know it."

"I know it from the likeness you bear to your father, coupled with the fact that you bear his name—"

"Were you a friend of my father's?"

"Young man, your father was a great man. I was one of the *canaille*. He had no friendship for such as I."

"An old woman in the village mentioned the name of Louis Leroy—"

"There is no Louis Leroy in this place. There has not been any one of that name for many years," he replied quickly.

"Well, sir," said Raymond, "I am Raymond Arnault. But I am now an Englishman, and have only come here in



order to see the place where I was born. That is natural, is it not?"

"Quite natural. I am the proprietor of the estates, such as they have become. A valuable possession, truly. The river has washed away my cattle and my meadows; a fire has destroyed my village; the people have gone; the house is in ruins. A valuable possession, truly."

"Is the old house in Aix also yours?"

"That is also mine. But I can not let it, for they say that it is haunted. Then you do not know who bought this estate?"

"I have never learned."

"Well, it matters nothing. Louis Leroy—I knew him well—has been dead, I think, for a long time. You were not in search of him? No? You do not know that it was he who denounced your father. Some sons might have sought revenge. You do not? That is well. Revenge is a foolish thing to desire. Better let him alone, even if he be still living."

"The man shall never be sought by me. If I were to find him—if I had my fingers on his throat—I do not say."

"Ah, your blood is Provençal—your hands would be at his throat! Yes, I think I see you. You have the Arnault face, and it is fierce when roused. Yes, you would make short work of Louis Leroy if you had the chance. Ha! ha! he will do well to keep out of your way. That is quite certain—quite certain. Ha, ha!"

The man chuckled and rubbed his hands. The thought of Louis Leroy being throttled pleased him. He showed his teeth when he laughed, which made him look more like a wolf.

"Come," he said, "one of your family must not be sent away from this place. Share my dinner, and take what I can give you for a bed. Oh, it is not much—a poor meal and a simple pallet! But such as they are I offer them to you."

Raymond accepted willingly. The man was not prepossessing to look at, but one must not judge by first impressions. Therefore, he followed his host, thinking himself lucky to get the chance of a supper and a bed.

His host led the way into the tower. The room into which the door—a great massive door, set with big nails and provided with a solid lock—opened was a room with



stone floor, stone walls, and a vaulted stone roof. A second door in the side opened upon spiral stairs leading to upper rooms. The room was furnished with two chairs and a table. There was a stove in it, and the smell of some cookery. His host lifted a saucepan from a fire of wood ashes.

“You are ready for your dinner? Good; then sit down.”

He poured out the contents of the saucepan into a dish, and set it on the table, with a long loaf of bread, the salt, and a bottle of wine.

“It is a stew,” he said, “of rabbits, rice, onions, and beans. Eat, Monsieur le Comte.”

Raymond was hungry, tired, and thirsty. He made accordingly an excellent meal, drinking freely of the black and strong Provence wine. His host eat and drank but little. When the first bottle was finished he brought out another, and encouraged his guest to talk, asking him a hundred questions, and appearing deeply interested in his replies; so that the young man freely spoke of himself—of his circumstances, and the condition of his people; how his mother had lost her reason, and his father’s sister had miraculously preserved the Holy Rose, on which they had subsisted until now; but that the jewels being by this time all sold, he was to become the support of the family.

“I understand,” said his host; “they have now nothing left, so that if you were not to return they would starve.”

Raymond was also easily induced to show the drawings which he had made.

“Young man,” said his entertainer, biting his nails, “you are going to Toulon, you say? I can show you all the best spots for an artist. Do not forget to bring your port-folio of sketches with you. And upon my word”—he looked Raymond full in the face—“upon my word, young man, I feel as if your business was already completed, and you were standing where your father stood. It will be deeply interesting.”

It was then about ten o’clock. Raymond asked permission to go to bed.

“This way,” said his host, taking the candle and mounting the stairs. “You will find nothing but a mattress and a blanket. Behold!”

There were two rooms on this floor, divided by a partition wall. The one into which Raymond was shown was lighted



by a single narrow window, barred with iron and without glass. A mattress lay in a corner; there was no other furniture in it.

"You remember the place, without doubt; formerly it was a store-room; the accommodation is simple."

"Thank you," said Raymond, "it will serve me very well."

"I sleep in the next room. There is no other occupant of the tower. It is silent here at night when one is alone. There are ghosts, I am told, especially of your father. But I never see him. He was denounced, you know, by Louis Leroy, who was his half-brother. Ha! if you had your fingers upon his throat! Good-night and good repose, Monsieur le Comte."

Raymond quickly undressed, and threw himself upon the mattress. In a few minutes he was asleep.

In the middle of the night he had a dream. He dreamed that he woke up suddenly; the moon was shining through the bars of the window so as to send some light to the room. Then he saw, lying quite still and having no desire to move, the door between the two rooms slowly open. He was not in the least afraid, being in a dream, but he wondered what was going to happen. Then he saw his host standing at the open door. He had taken off boots and coat. For a few moments he stood as if uncertain. Then he began to move slowly and cautiously toward the mattress. Raymond saw that he had a knife in his hand. But he was not in the least afraid, because he was in a dream; the man proposed to murder him, perhaps. That was interesting and curious. How would he be prevented?

Suddenly the murderer sprung back, throwing up his arms, and with a moan of terror rushed from the room. And in the middle of the room, just where the moonlight fell, Raymond saw, in this strange dream, the figure of his father. This did not surprise him either. But he was glad that the murderer had been stayed in his purpose, and he wondered what he would say about it in the morning.

When Raymond woke up the sun was already high; he rose quickly and dressed. His host was up before him. Strange to say, he had quite forgotten his curious dream.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE KISS OF JUDAS.

RAYMOND forgot, I say, his dream of the man with the knife. Had he remembered it, he would have been ashamed of it, so friendly was his entertainer. He led him about the place, showed him how the greatest inundation ever known in the history of the Durance River had destroyed his cattle, overthrown his farm-houses, and covered his meadows with stones and gravel. "But this," he said, always biting his nails, "might have happened to any one. If your father were living, it would have happened just the same."

"I suppose it would," said Raymond.

Then the man led his guest through the village.

"When you were a child," he said, "the village was full of people. There were five hundred souls in this place. Here was the tavern where they drank; here was the church where they went to mass; under these trees the lads played at bowls on Sunday morning; many a time have I seen your parents watching the villagers on their way home after mass; in the evening they danced here."

"You know the place, then? You are not a native of the village?"

"I have been here on business. They plundered your house at Aix; then they came on here and sacked the Château. The books and pictures they burned and trampled under-foot, the furniture they broke up, but the plate they carried off. However, the estate remained, and the village; now there is nothing. Then came the inundation; then these young men had to go to war; when the village was burned down there were not fifty people left. And now they are gone, and there is nobody except myself and an old woman who is mad. But all this would have happened whether your father was shot or no—would it not?"

"I suppose it would," said Raymond. "One can not think that the wrath of Heaven for my father's murder would fall upon innocent folk."

"No—no. It would fall on the head of Louis Leroy.



Ah! if your fingers were once about his throat. However, the man is dead."

The man was very friendly, and yet Raymond was ill at ease with him, and he had a trick of glancing suspiciously about him as if he was afraid of something, which made Raymond uncomfortable.

He was so friendly that he accompanied Raymond back to Aix, and from Aix to Toulon, where he said that he had business. He was so very friendly that he followed the young man about everywhere, and seemed unwilling to suffer him out of his sight.

At Toulon he acted as guide, and led Raymond to the spot where his father suffered death.

"Here, beneath these trees," he said, "sat the Commissioners, Fréron, young Robespierre, and the others. Eh! they are all dead now. They sat in chairs; the prisoners were brought here to be tried. Oh, they were all aristocrats, and they had no chance. Among them were a few poor devils who were servants. They were shot, to deter others from serving Royalists. Some of them were ladies—oh, I assure you, beautiful ladies, but all pale and trembling with terror. Well, they had not long to wait. Some of them were mere children, some old men, some were young men, like your father. Some of them wept and lamented, especially the servants, when they saw that there would be no favor shown to any, but every man and woman must be taken impartially and placed in front of the soldiers; but most bore themselves proudly, like your father. Young man, there never was any one prouder than your father. I, who was standing by, remember the contempt with which he regarded his judges."

"What did he say to the witness, his half-brother?"

"He said—nothing," the man replied with hesitation; "what could he say?"

"Did he curse him?"

"He did not."

"What has the lot of that man been since that day?"

"He had nothing to lose; therefore, if he is a poor man now, he is no worse off than he was before."

"But he is dead, you say?"

"Louis Leroy has been dead for a long time."

"Had he children of his own?"

"He had one son only."



“Perhaps, then,” said Raymond, “Heaven will strike him in the person of his son.”

“Here,” the man continued, “each man stood to take his trial. On this spot stood the witnesses, when there were any. In your father’s case there was one only; but he was enough. Here stood the prisoner when his turn came to be shot; here stood the file of soldiers. Oh, it was a day of vengeance for the Revolution.”

Raymond took off his hat reverently before the spot where his father had perished.

“Very likely,” continued his guide, “your father might have escaped but for the man Leroy, who first caused him to be arrested—perhaps you did not know that—and then gave evidence against him. There were several thousands left in Toulon when the English went away. There were not more than eight or nine hundred shot. Very likely he would have escaped. As for that man Leroy,” he went on, “you would like to have your fingers in his throat, would you not?”

“If I had,” said Raymond hoarsely, “I would kill him here—where my father died.”

“Ah! he is dead now. That is fortunate for him. He lived in great fear, because misfortune always fell upon him—just as it has upon me. But the thing he never thought upon, the danger he least expected, was the return of the Count’s son. What should he do if he were living now?” There never could be eyes more full of meaning and suspicion than this man’s. “What should he do?”

“I care not; what does it matter?”

“He would protect himself, would he not?”

“I suppose so. Now leave me, if you please. I wish to be alone.”

The guide obeyed; that is to say, he withdrew a little. But he watched. Meanwhile Raymond tried to people the scene, now a peaceful market-place full of stalls and market-women, with the prisoners, soldiers, and commissioners of that day of massacre. Then he took out his sketch-book and made a drawing of the Place.

When he had finished his drawing he remembered the Quay, where he had stood with his mother all through that fearful night, the shells hissing and bursting in the air, the flames of the arsenal making it as light as day. It was easy to find the place. From the Place d’Armes a street leads



straight to the spot. The sight was very different now. The harbor was full of men-of-war, frigates, and all kinds of war-vessels, a sight which might have filled an English sailor's heart with joy, giving rich promise of prizes. The Quay itself was covered with all kinds of ships' gear. There was the sound of hammering and the running to and fro of men. For an outbreak of war with England was again imminent, and the work of the dock-yards was carried on night and day.

Raymond looked about him, trying to remember, which was in vain, where they had been standing.

Then he took out his sketch-book again, and began to sketch. Behind him at a little distance a gendarme watched him. Beside the gendarme stood Raymond's host and friend whispering furtively.

When he had completed this little drawing he rose, and began to wander about the town, glad to be alone. His work was done. He had seen his ancestral home, shattered and ruined; he had visited the old church at Aix where the bones of his forefathers were buried; he had seen the great house which had been their town residence; he had stood upon the spot where his father was shot, and upon the Quay, whence he was dragged with his mother by the English sailors; now there remained nothing more but to go home.

He wandered about the town, thinking of these things, and of his journey home, and of his sweetheart. Presently, he found himself at the fortifications. Without any thought of danger he sat down before a gate and began to sketch it. There was nothing especially interesting about the building, yet he made a drawing of it.

He did not observe that the gendarme who had watched him making his sketch on the Quay had followed him, and was still watching him at a distance. When he had drawn the gate-way, he walked out of the town, having no object but to wander about aimlessly until the evening. On the following day he would begin his homeward journey.

Outside the town, half-way up the hill on the western side, there stands an outpost or fort, which, when the British troops held the town, was also held by them, and called Gibraltar, because it was considered impregnable. It commands the town, and from its bastions a fine view is obtained of the harbor, the arsenals, the town, and the forti-



fications. This fort was taken by Bonaparte. It was the first act by which he distinguished himself; and, once taken, the capture of the town was rendered easy.

Raymond, following a winding-path, presently found himself within the bastion. He looked over the rampart and found that it commanded a beautiful view of Toulon Harbor, which, with the dock-yard, the walls, and the town, lay stretched out at his feet. Again he drew forth his book and began to sketch the view before him. Presently he heard footsteps approaching, but he thought nothing of them, and went on with his work.

“I arrest you in the name of the Republic.”

A heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder. Raymond sprung to his feet. It was a gendarme; behind the gendarme were a dozen soldiers.

“Why do you arrest me?”

“I arrest you as an English spy, detected in the act of making a plan of the fortifications.”

Raymond laughed. The man pointed to his sketch, on which some parts of the walls were already drawn.

“Come with me,” he said.

Raymond obeyed. Resistance, indeed, would have been impossible. The man took from him his sketch-book, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

The soldiers followed. When they were within the town a crowd began to gather, and presently ominous cries were uttered:

“English spy! English spy! Death to spies!”

Then the crowd pressed closer, and cried the louder. Fists were shaken in Raymond’s face; voices were raised crying for immediate justice. “*A la lanterne!*” The crowd grew larger, and the cries louder and more threatening.

There is no rage more unreasonable, swifter, and more uncontrollable than the rage of a mob. Raymond would have been torn to pieces but for the soldiers who had accompanied his capture, and now surrounded the prisoner, and acted as a guard.

At last he was within the prison walls and in safety for the moment. Outside, the mob raged and shouted; it was a warlike mob, composed chiefly of sailors and soldiers, whom the very word “spy” maddens. They would have



liked nothing better than to have the English spy thrown out to them.

When Raymond found himself stripped of everything, and thrust roughly into a cell, he consoled himself by thinking that a charge so absurd could not be maintained. He should be released the next day.

He was mistaken.

In the morning he was taken before a magistrate.

On the table were laid the sketches taken from his portfolio, his drawing pencils, his passport, his pocket-book, and his purse.

The prisoner, asked to give an account of himself, stated that he was an English subject named Raymond Arnold; that he was an artist by profession; and that he was traveling for his pleasure in France.

On further examination he confessed that his name was Raymond Arnault, and that he was a French subject by birth, and the son of the *ci-devant* Comte d'Eyragues, condemned to death for treason. He also confessed that he taught the young officers of the British navy the art of drawing plans of fortifications; he declared that he had no other motive in visiting this part of France but the natural curiosity of seeing once more his birthplace, and the place where his father died; also that he was actuated in making these sketches by no other motive than the desire of preserving alive his recollections of these scenes.

His preliminary examination was short; now it was completed, he was taken back to prison.

Two days afterward he was again taken before the magistrate, who asked him a great number of questions as to the object of his journey, and the various places he had visited. His note-book was produced and he was asked why certain facts had been set down, and for what reason he had shown so great a curiosity into the condition of the country. Raymond replied as well as he could, explaining that these notes were nothing but the simple observations of a traveler. His answers were taken down without comment. He then requested permission to send a letter to the British Ambassador at Paris. This request was at once refused, on the ground that he was not a British subject.

On the third examination, the magistrate, who was not hostile or unnecessarily harsh, pointed out to the prisoner that his case was one in which the penalty, should he be



found guilty, was nothing short of death; that the aspect of the case was most serious; that the relations between France and England were already strained; and that should war unhappily break out before his trial, it would probably go hard with him. Therefore, he exhorted him to confess everything, including the secret instructions given him by the British Government and the nature of the information he had collected.

Finding that the prisoner remained obdurate, the magistrate ordered him to be taken back to prison.

He had already been in prison three weeks. He was forbidden to write any letters, or to communicate with the outer world at all. An ordinary criminal may get this indulgence, but not a spy. More than this, he was treated by the jailers with every indignity they had the power to inflict upon him, the men letting him understand daily that they would enjoy nothing so much as to murder a British spy.

"I could not understand," he told us afterward, "I could never understand all that time how such a suspicion could possibly fall upon me. Nor was it till I heard the speech of the advocate for the prosecution, and the evidence, that I was able to see the weight of the suspicions against me."

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE TRIAL.

IF the time had been tranquil I suppose that Raymond would have been immediately released. But the air was filled with rumors and suspicions; the dock-yard of Toulon was active; ships were being fitted out; there was talk of nothing but war. Therefore the most innocent action, such as the drawing of a gate-way, or a sketch of the Quay, was liable to be exaggerated into the action of an English spy. Added to this was the fact, now known to all, that the prisoner was not a British but a French subject; that he was traveling under an assumed name; and that he was the son of one who had been instrumental in bringing the British troops into Toulon.

He was brought to trial three weeks after his arrest, having been kept all this time in close confinement, except



for his examination by the magistrate. In accordance with French custom, he was in ignorance of the evidence, if any, on which the charge against him was to be supported; but he knew that he was accused of being a spy in the service of the British Government.

I suppose that, innocent or guilty, there can not be a more terrible thing for a man than to stand a trial on a capital charge, and more especially on such a charge as this, where a hostile feeling against the prisoner is sure to exist.

When Raymond found himself in the great Hall of Justice, placed in the prisoners' box, he was at first confused and in a manner overwhelmed. The tribunal, as it is called, was occupied by three judges. On the right of the tribunal sat the jury, on the left was the prisoner, guarded on both sides by gendarmes. The advocate for the prisoner stood immediately before his client, so that he could communicate, and the counsel for the prosecution was on the opposite side. A large table below the tribunal was occupied by clerks, and the great body of the hall was crowded with spectators. The windows were so placed that their full light fell upon the features of the prisoner, so that no change of countenance could escape the eyes of judge or jury.

The clerk first read the indictment.

It was to the effect that Raymond Arnault, born at the Chateau d'Eyragues, only son of the late Raymond Arnault, commonly called Comte d'Eyragues, who was shot for treason to the Republic, was a spy, engaged by the British Government to collect information as to the condition of the country, make plans of fortresses, learn the state of the arsenals, the number, armaments, etc., of ships fitted out or building, with all other facts and information which might be useful to the British Government and prejudicial to the Republic.

The indictment read, the President began the trial by putting questions to the prisoner. These were nothing more than those already put by the magistrate in his examinations. They made the prisoner give his name, his age, and occupation; they inquired into the reasons which made him undertake the journey, and why he traveled under a false name; why he made sketches; why he made



certain entries in his note-book; why he asked questions everywhere.

"You traveled from Lyons to Arles in a water-coach," asked the President, "and from Arles to Aix by diligence. On the way you conversed with the other passengers."

"I did. I was pleased, after ten years, to talk with Frenchmen again."

"You asked questions of everybody."

"If I did it was out of pure curiosity. The questions were such as to call for no information that might not be published to all the world."

"What? You inquired into the condition of the army; you asked if the country was not drained of fighting men; you asked if the women were obliged to do all the work in the fields; you inquired whether the people were good Republicans, or whether they wanted the Bourbons back again; you call these questions such as might be published."

"I repeat," said Raymond, "that the questions I asked were solely out of curiosity."

It appears that in France the judges examine and cross-examine a prisoner before the witnesses are called, and that they have thus the power to make him criminate himself, which is contrary to our custom.

When the question was finished Raymond having to repeat a dozen times his solemn denial that he was engaged and paid by the British Government, the witnesses were called.

"I was curious," said Raymond, "to see who these witnesses might be, and you may judge of my astonishment when the first witness was no other than my host of Eyragues, and that he was none other than the man Louis Leroy himself; and then I understood all."

Yes, the man who had received and entertained him, who had given him advice, and accompanied him to Toulon, was no other than the man Louis Leroy.

"My name," he said, in answer to the President, "is now Scipio Gavotte; before the Revolution it was Louis Leroy. I am a proprietor. On the 20th of April last I observed the prisoner walking about the ruins of Eyragues, a village which has been burned and is now abandoned. He was making sketches. I accosted him, and inquired his name and business. I gave him dinner and a bed in my own house. He began by saying that he was an En-



glishman, but on my discovering that he spoke Provençal, and had the air of a native to this country, he confessed that he was by birth a Provençal, and that he was traveling under an assumed name under protection of a British passport. I began, therefore, to suspect something, and accompanied him to Aix, where I found him making sketches of the walls, and to Toulon, where he began, trusting to his passport, to make plans of the Quay and harbor and drawings of the ships. I gave him no warning, but communicated the facts to a gendarme, who watched him and arrested him. The prisoner seemed to me a man of great intelligence, and showed himself most curious in respect of everything connected with the conditions of the country."

He had nothing more to say, but the counsel for the defense asked him two or three questions.

"Are you," he asked, "the same Louis Leroy on whose evidence the prisoner's father was shot on December 19th, 1793?"

"I am the same man."

"You gave evidence, knowing that it would cause his death?"

"Certainly."

"You were his half-brother, I think?"

"I was."

"And you purchased his confiscated estates?"

"I did."

"Did you reveal these facts to the prisoner?"

"I did not."

"Did you give the information which led to his arrest in the hope of getting him out of the way?"

"I gave the information for the good of the Republic."

The next witness was the *commis-voyeur* who had traveled with the prisoner in the diligence between Arles and Aix. This person deposed that his suspicions were aroused by observing the prisoner, who professed to be an Englishman, conversing with the country people in their own language; whereas the ignorance of Englishmen, even in French—a language known and universally spoken by every other civilized nation—was notorious. He further stated that, on listening to the conversation, he found that the young man was asking the people questions concerning their political opinions, their views as to the Republic, the state of their industries, and the drain of the young men



by the recent wars. Finally, he declared that he had seen the prisoner from time to time making notes and drawings in a little book which he carried. He identified the book, which was handed to him for the purpose, and pointed out—partly with indignation and partly as a proof of the truth of his statement—that among the drawings was one representing himself in an attitude grossly insulting. In fact, Raymond had drawn a picture of this man eating his breakfast like a hog.

The counsel for the defense refused to ask any questions of this witness, and desired to confirm his testimony. All that he had stated was true.

The next witness called was the gendarme who had followed and watched Raymond. He swore that he saw him sitting on the Quay drawing the ships; that he followed him and watched him while he made a sketch of the Porte de Marseilles; that he again followed him, and found him in the act of making a plan of the fortifications.

Counsel for the defense asked this witness whether the prisoner had made any attempt at concealment. Witness replied that he had not.

“Did he not openly seat himself on the Quay and make the drawings before the eyes of all present?”

“He did.”

“Did he show any embarrassment or terror when you arrested him?”

“He did not. He laughed.”

There were no other witnesses except the note-book and the sketch-book.

Then the prisoner's counsel rose to make his speech.

He began by relating, from the prisoner's point of view, the history of his life. He was born in this part of France, and was fourteen years of age when he was taken from Toulon by the British fleet, on the capture of the city; that he was carried, with his mother and aunt, to Portsmouth, where they were landed; and that he had lived in a small village near to that town; and that, finding it necessary to adopt some profession in order to make a livelihood, he had become a teacher of drawing and painting. To this he added the art of fortification and drawing plans, and that his pupils were chiefly young officers of the army. “Gentlemen of the jury,” he went on, “consider, if you please, that this humble and obscure person was absolutely un-



known to anybody connected with the British Government. He has never spoken to an official person; he is ignorant of politics. But it is not difficult to understand one feeling which survived in his breast, after ten years of exile, namely, love of France and the desire to see again his native country. It was to gratify this desire, and with no other object, whatever, that he made this journey. Why, then, did he assume the name and procure the passport of a British subject? It was in order to escape questioning about his origin and family. Like all *émigrés*, he was uncertain of the reception he would meet, as the son of an aristocrat, and of one sentenced to death and executed for treason toward the Republic. But, gentlemen, it was not an assumed name; it was the name by which he was commonly known in England—the Anglicized form of his own name. As for the questions which he asked of everybody, I confess that I see nothing in them but such as would be prompted by the natural curiosity of one returning to his country after ten years—and those ten years the most momentous and the most glorious in the whole history of the country. Gentlemen, there is his note-book; read it, I beg of you, with unprejudiced eyes. There is nothing in the notes, I submit, which would be of the least advantage for a foreign country to know. Then there remain the sketches. Gentlemen of the jury, examine these for yourselves. There are the ruined Château where the prisoner was born; the house in Aix which belonged to his ancestors; here is the Place d'Armes of his town; here is a sketch of the busy and crowded Quay, with the ships and harbor; here is a drawing of the Porte de Marseilles; and here is the unfinished drawing which caused his arrest. Gentlemen, the gendarme who arrested him states that it was a plan of the fortifications. I submit that it is nothing of the kind. It would have been, when finished, a drawing of the view from the bastion on which he stood, showing the town, with the harbor, arsenal, and the walls. I can find in these drawings nothing that can disprove the prisoner's own statements. Add to this that there was not found upon him a single document of a suspicious character, unless the pencil portrait of a young lady is suspicious; that the prisoner was but poorly supplied with money; that his movements were open for all to see; and that every statement of his which could be proved has been tested and found



true. There is one other point, gentlemen, that I would press upon you. The British held this town for several months. Do you think it possible that they should have gone away without taking a plan of the fortifications with them? Do you think it likely that they should have sent this young man on an errand so useless and so dangerous? Would any one be so foolish as to accept such a mission?"

With these words the counsel sat down. So clear and reasonable was the defense that Raymond would probably have been acquitted, but for a most untoward accident. There was heard from the street outside a great shouting and roaring of men, and an usher brought a note to the President, who read it, and after handing it to his brother judges, gave it to the counsel for the prosecution; evidently something had happened of importance, for he sprung to his feet, and began a speech of the most furious kind.

"I rise," he said, "to demand justice upon a traitor to the Republic—the son of a traitor. Was he ignorant when he left England that the King of Great Britain had already resolved on war? Was he ignorant that war was to be declared immediately? Yes, gentlemen of the jury, immediately. War has been declared. The news has just reached this town. The huzzas of the crowd which you have just heard demonstrate the spirit with which we have received this news. Already the fleets which are to humble the pride of our enemies are preparing in our harbors; already our brave sailors are exulting in the approaching downfall of the enemy of freedom and justice.

"Gentlemen, let us not be revengeful, but let us be just. Consider the circumstances. It is natural that the enemy should wish to learn everything possible concerning our armaments and the state of the country. Since then it is natural to expect that English spies are among us in disguise as innocent travelers, what sort of person would Pitt select for a spy in this country? First, it is absolutely necessary for him to know the language. But in Provence our common people do not speak French, but the *Langue d'Oc*. Probably there is not one living Briton who knows that language. Some there may be who have read the *Troubadours*, and know the tongue spoken in the Middle Ages, but for the common talk of the peasantry, the *patois*, there needs a man who was born and brought up among them. Such a man he found in the prisoner. He is an



*émigré*. His father was shot for treasonable correspondence with the British. The title and estates which might have been his are lost to him. It is the Revolution which has ruined him. Therefore, he hates the Revolution, and regards the success of our arms with envy and disgust. He had lived so long in his native country before his exile, that he can never forget the language of its people—in fact, he was already fourteen when he was taken away by a British ship. On the other hand, he has been so long in England that he can now speak English perfectly, and pass himself off for an Englishman. While in this country, in appearance and in language he can appear, if he pleases, as an honest Provençal.

“There is, again, another circumstance in favor of the selection of this young man. He is an artist. That is to say, he can draw, paint, and plan—especially plan. In England his residence, when not employed in service of this kind, is Portsmouth, which is to Great Britain what Toulon is to France. There he enjoys the society of the British officers, to whom he teaches the art of making plans and drawings—of what? Of fortifications. So that we have in this young man all that combine to form the perfect spy. Given the conditions of his birth and his education and we might predict beforehand what would be his work. Poor, like all *émigrés*; filled with hatred to the Revolution; eager for revenge on account of his lost wealth and rank; an Englishman one day, a Provençal the next; intelligent, well educated, a draughtsman, and, perhaps—it is in the blood of Provence—brave. Behold the spy of Pitt! Behold the tool of the British Government! Yet a willing instrument, and, therefore, one which must be rendered useless for any future work, as an example and a discouragement.”

“All this time,” Raymond tells me, “while the advocate thundered, and even I myself began to feel that after all I must be a secret messenger of the British Government, I was filled with that strange feeling that the issue of the trial concerned some other man. Until the moment when I wrote the letter to you, which I thought would be my last, I was callous to an extent which I can not now understand. For certainly no man ever had an escape such as mine.”

The jury, without hesitation, gave their verdict—the



prisoner was guilty. Then the President sentenced Raymond to death, and he was taken away.

Outside the court there was such a crowd as had never been seen before, yelling death to the English spy, and demanding that he should be given up to them.

Amid a storm of execrations he was taken back to his cell in safety.

“Even then,” said Raymond, “in the midst of the savage faces, and with the certain prospect of death, I was insensible. It was as if I was playing a part, and that the principal part, of a play.”

What it was that supported him through this time of trouble I know not; but, remembering Raymond’s dream at the Château and the strange events which followed, and his mother’s constant companionship with her dead husband, and the assurance which she received as to her son’s safety, I have formed a judgment which nothing can shake.

At last the prisoner was safely lodged in his cell, the key turned, and the mob dispersed, hungering for the moment when he should be brought forth to be beheaded in their sight.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

### AT HOME.

It was in the second week of June when Raymond, as we judged, had been already dead for three weeks, that we received his last letter. Indeed, I can not bear to think even now or to speak of that terrible time, in which nothing could bring consolation, not even weeping. Raymond was dead. Then was all the sun taken from the heavens, and the warmth from the air, and the joy from my life. There were others who mourned for Raymond besides myself; but we women who lose our lovers are selfish, and we think not of any others.

It is good for those who mourn and refuse to be comforted, that they should be forced by necessity into thinking of other things. It was about the end of October that I was compelled to turn away my thoughts from my own sorrows. I have said that with the arrival of peace and the paying off of the ships, the profits of our boat greatly diminished. This decrease grew worse as ship after ship was



paid off, and none were put into commission except to relieve the regular West India and Mediterranean Fleets. Many days during the summer of that year the boat returned with half her cargo unsold. If this was the case in the summer, when we looked to make our chief harvest, what was to be expected from the winter? Day after day passed, and not enough business done to pay even the wages of Sally and her father. More than this; there was no longer any demand for our dried sloe leaves, and Portsmouth herbalists bought no more of our drugs.

I regarded this change at first without the least concern. Was it likely that the daughter of a substantial merchant should be rendered anxious by so small a matter? Besides, this was the most delightful season in my life, being in the first six months of my engagement, and, naturally, I thought all day long of Raymond.

In winter we have little to sell except potatoes, onions, and cabbages. This winter it appeared that no one wanted to buy our things at all, because there were so many who sold and so few to buy. Thus it is with a seaport town. A long war gives rise to many new trades. Where there was one shop there are seen, after a few brisk years, ten; where there was one market-garden there are ten. Then Raymond went away. Was it likely that I should concern myself about the boat when I had to prepare for his departure! Whose hands but mine prepared his linen and packed his trunk?

In the spring a great misfortune fell upon us. I mean, a misfortune apart from the dreadful letter of Raymond's. War was declared, and we thought to recover our losses, the dock-yards being busy day and night, the harbor full of vessels in commission, and Spithead and the Solent crowded with ships waiting for convoy. The promise of April was beautiful. Never were trees thicker with blossom. Then there came a hard frost one night which did dreadful damage, and after this a cold east wind which destroyed whatever escaped the frost. After the east wind the weather grew suddenly hot, and then came swarms of caterpillars, the like of which I have never seen before or since. They stripped the currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes of leaf and fruit; they left not a single strawberry; they eat up our asparagus, our young peas, our beans, and our lettuces. They left us nothing. It was



like the plague of locusts which fell upon the land of Egypt, and eat up every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees.

And now there was no use for the boat to go down the harbor, because there was nothing to put into her.

Very soon, naturally, the day came when I had no more money to pay even the wages, and none for the housekeeping. Note that, like all the world, in the prosperous times we had kept a good table, and my father had taken his punch nightly, as if the fat times were going to last. I declare that I had no suspicion at all of the truth. My poor father had always spoken of himself as a substantial merchant. It was thus that he qualified himself. Everybody regarded him as a merchant, who had retired with what is considered a substantial fortune. To be sure, I had never seen any evidence of that fortune; but there was no need to draw upon it, seeing that the garden provided amply for the needs of the house; and, besides, is a daughter to suspect her father of exaggeration? However, there was now nothing to be done but to inform my father of the circumstances, namely, that we had nothing hardly to sell and no money for wages. For a garden must be kept up. If laborers are not continually employed upon it, how is anything to be made out of it?

Nothing ever surprised me more than the effect of my communication, for my father first turned pale and then red. He then rose, and softly shut the door.

"My child," he said, and there his voice stuck. "My child," he began again, and a second time he was fain to stop and gasp. "Molly"—this time he made an effort and succeeded—"I feared that this was coming, but I would not worry you. What are we to do? What in the wide world shall we do?"

"Why, sir," I said, "if you will find the money to tide us over this bad season I doubt not that we shall do very well, seeing that the war has begun again and times are brisk."

"Find the money, child? I find the money? Molly," he whispered, "listen, child; I have no money. Yes, you all think me a man of substance, but I am not. Molly, your father is a man of straw—a man of straw, child. He is worth nothing."

He rose from his chair, and walked about the room,



beating his hands together. All his consequence vanished, and he now seemed to become suddenly thin.

“I have no money, Molly.”

“But I thought—”

“Yes, yes, I know. Why did I retire from the City, the only place where a man can find true happiness? Why did I come to this miserable village? Child, because I had no choice—because I was a bankrupt, and my creditors, after they had taken all I had, suffered me to withdraw unmolested. So I came here, and—Molly—’tis hard for a man, who has been Alderman and Warden of his Company, and lived respected, to go among other men and own that he was bankrupt—bankrupt.”

“Oh, sir!” I cried, “forgive me for ignorantly opening up the past. I could not know—”

“Say no more, Molly, say no more. Let us consider. There is a little purse; let us hope it may be enough. Perhaps our friends may not learn the truth, if this will serve till next year.” He opened his desk, and took out a purse containing fifty sovereigns. “If this will serve, Molly. It is not my money, but your own, saved by me.”

You now understand how I was dragged out of my trouble by necessity. We had fifty pounds for all our stock; we had to make it serve for six months and more, supposing that we did no trade for that time. But the potatoes and the cauliflowers turned out well, and in the end we pulled through, though with desperate shifts at home, so that no one suspected of the Alderman that he was not, as he always pretended, a substantial merchant.

I then discovered, having my eyes opened again, as I said, by necessity, that the two ladies at the Cottage were threatened with straits as dreadful as our own, or more, because, with a great garden and no rent to pay, it goes hard if one can not live; but these two ladies had nothing at all, except the mere hollow trunk of thin gold, from which the jewels of the Rose had all been taken. And now they must sell even that.

“My dear,” said Madame, “since it hath pleased Heaven to call away our boy, for whom we broke up this Holy Relic, the possession of which, we were taught to believe, secured the continuation of our house, I see no reason why the gold should not follow the jewels, and all be sold.



When we have spent that money there will be nothing. But we are in hands which never fail."

"Oh, Madame!" I cried, "you and the Countess shall come and live with us. We will all live together, and talk about Raymond every day."

They did come to live with us, but, as you shall see, under happier conditions than we looked for.

The Vicar took away the Rose, and brought them money for it. Never was any man more taken with a work of art than the Vicar with the Rose. He loved to look upon it; he would make it the text for a discourse upon the Popes of Avignon; upon the early Protestants of Provence; upon the arts of the Middle Ages, and upon a thousand things. Yet, when he took it away, wrapped in flannel, he showed no sign of grief, but rather of satisfaction, a thing difficult to understand.

When it was gone one felt as if the blessing of the Pope had departed from the place; strange, that we, who are Protestants, and should not value the Pope's blessing a farthing, should believe in a superstition which associated the extinction of the house with the loss of the Rose. Yet Raymond was dead, and the Holy Rose was gone. That could not be denied. Aunt Raymond was the last of the Arnaults.

There are many strange and surprising things in this story. It is wonderful to remember how, in the wisdom of Providence, the son of the man Leroy, ignorant of his father's crime, should have been brought to the village where his father's victims lived; it is wonderful to think that his life was saved by none other than the sister of the man whom his father had murdered; that he should become a friend of that man's son; and that he should discover the truth in so sudden and unexpected a manner, on the very eve of his departure.

Remember next how Pierre prayed that we would not tell Raymond, and how, through that very ignorance, Raymond was brought mysteriously to the house of his father's murderer, and received his hospitality; how he was lured on by him in apparent security to encounter the most dreadful risk; and how the same man, who denounced the father, also bore false witness against the son. Who that considers can doubt the Providential guidance of these things?



For my own part, I remember also the dream which Raymond had in the tower of the Château; and I see in all these things together, and in those which followed, the vengeance of God.

The world is, however, full of those who scoff at such interpretations, and foolishly boast that they believe no more than they can see. Well, for my own part, I believe not only in what I see, but also in the things which even a woman's mind may gather and conclude, from the things seen, concerning things unseen.

For instance, was it for nothing that all this time the poor mad woman talked and laughed, always happy, always with smiles and songs, with her dead husband? She knew in a dim and uncertain way, that Raymond was gone away. She even knew that he was gone to Aix, to Eyragues, and to Toulon. She talked about him at those places, wondering what he was doing, and so forth. From her husband's replies she learned that all was well with her son—which we knew, alas! was not true; but one may surely deceive a mother on this point—and that he would return home safe and well. How could he return home who was lying dead somewhere among the graves of the criminals? Well, I am now going to tell you exactly what did come to pass, and show what little faith we possessed, who knew that the dead Count was always with his wife day and night, yet could not be brought to believe his most solemn and repeated assurances.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE RELEASE.

RAYMOND sat in his cell, saved from the yelling mob, which wanted to have him delivered into their hands. Why, he thought, had his guards been overpowered it would have been all over, and quickly. Now, those execrations and those furious yells would have to be faced again.

It was six o'clock when they brought him back. The Governor of the prison followed him into his cell.

"I have to inform you," he said, coldly, "that your sentence is to be carried into effect without delay. You will be executed to-morrow morning, at day-break. Expect no commutation of the sentence."



Raymond bowed.

“If there is any request you have to make you can do so now.”

“I should like to send a letter of farewell to—to a certain English girl whom I was to have married.”

“You can write the letter. Confine yourself solely to the facts, and to a brief farewell. It will be read, and, if it contains nothing treasonable, it will be forwarded. Have you any other request to make?”

“I should like,” said Raymond, “if this request can be granted, my sketch of the Château d’Eyragues to be inclosed in the letter.”

“If it is not a drawing of a place of arms, and conveys no information, it shall be inclosed in your letter.”

“I thank you, Monsieur le Directeur. There is no other request that I have to make.”

“Will you see a priest?—no? It is sometimes the case that a condemned criminal likes to make a confession or statement. You shall have a candle to enable you to do so, if you wish.”

“I have nothing more to add,” said Raymond, “to the statement I made in Court.”

The Governor left him, and they presently sent the writing materials; the turnkey standing over Raymond while he wrote the letter, which you have already seen. The letter must have been dispatched that very evening, otherwise, as you will discover immediately, it would not have been sent at all.

His dinner, or supper, was brought to him at seven o’clock. It was a sumptuous meal for a prison, consisting of soup, a roast chicken, and a bottle of good wine. But it was to be his last, and people are naturally kind to a man who is about to die.

His last! Astonishing to relate, he devoured it with great appetite and heartiness, as if it was to be succeeded by thousands. When he had finished it he endeavored to compose his mind to the meditation and prayer in which he intended to pass the night.

“Either,” he says now, “I am naturally insensible to religion, which I am loath to believe—indeed, I am sure I am not so cold a wretch—or I was sustained by some inward assurance, because, though my end was so imminent that every minute seemed to bring me closer to the ax, I



could not so clearly face the situation as to question my conscience and confess my sins before Heaven; but continually my thoughts turned toward you, my dear, and my mother, and this quiet village. Nay, though I knew that my dinner would be the last I should ever take, I devoured it with appetite, and only wished there had been twice as much. In vain I said to myself that in twelve hours or so I should be in the presence of my Judge, and my body would be lying a senseless, headless log; my thoughts were turned earthward, and wholly directed to thee, my sweetheart."

I do not blame him in this; nor do I think that he was insensible to religion; because I am well assured that, as he was sustained at the trial, and as he heard the execrations of the people without alarm, so he was now miraculously kept from the despair which would otherwise have laid hold upon his soul.

Surely, a more solemn time there can never be in a man's life than the last night of it; especially if he knows that he is to die the next day, and if he be in such a condition of mental strength as to understand it. There are so many wretched criminals hanged every year that we think nothing of the anguish, the terror, the remorse of their last night upon the earth. Of some, I know, it is reported that they drink away their terrors, and go to the fatal tree stupid with liquor; and of others, that they sleep through the whole night, apparently careless of their coming end.

It was about ten o'clock that Raymond was interrupted by footsteps outside his door, and the turning of the key in the lock.

He started to his feet. Was he—the thought made his heart stand still—to be taken out in the night and thrown to the mob?

"I thank you, Monsieur le Directeur"—Raymond started because he thought he knew the voice—"and I will not trouble you to wait. My orders are to put certain questions to the prisoner alone. Leave one of your men outside the cell, and he can conduct me to the door. Good-night, Monsieur le Directeur."

The door was thrown open and an officer entered, wearing a military cloak thrown over his shoulders, and covering half his face. He shut the door carefully, put the lamp



he had taken from the turnkey upon the table and threw back the cloak.

"Heavens, it is Pierre!"

"Hush!" It was none other than Pierre Gavotte, but no longer in rags. Pierre Gavotte, Lieutenant of the Fortyninth, in uniform. "Hush! There is no time to spare."

"My friend, you are come to say farewell. I did not expect to see a friendly face again before I died."

"I come with an order from the General-Commandant to put certain questions to the English spy. Well, here I am!" He threw out his arms, and laughed as if he had kept an appointment to an evening's amusement.

"And your questions?"

"My first question"—he hesitated. "Raymond, do you know—have they told you—who I am?"

"Why, you are my old friend and enemy, Pierre Gavotte. Who else should you be?"

The name had escaped him at the trial; in the discovery that Leroy and the witness were the same. Raymond paid no attention to his assumed name. This was a happy accident, if anything can be called an accident in the course of this history so manifestly Providential.

He held out his hand. Pierre hesitated a moment. Then he took it. "Yes," he said. "Yes, we can shake hands now."

"It has been impossible," he explained, "for me to have access to you until now. I discovered a week ago the name of the so-called English spy, and I knew that it must be no other than you. Oh! my friend, you a spy! I have been considering and devising. Now I have completed my plan."

"Your plan?"

"Certainly; my plan. Why not? What is the good of having friends if they do nothing for you? You are to escape, Raymond."

"Escape? Why, Pierre, who is to take me through these stone walls? There is no time, either. I am to die at day-break."

"Everything is arranged if you will do exactly what I order. Will you promise that? I give you freedom, Raymond, if you will act by my orders. It is for Molly's sake," he added.

"I promise."



"Then change your clothes with me. Quick; time presses."

"Change with you? Why, what will you do? Pierre, I understand you now. You think that we are so much alike that I have only to walk out in your uniform, and I shall pass for you."

"That is, my friend, exactly my plan. That is, you have guessed a part of it. But as you would infallibly be found out if you went on parade, that is not all my plan."

"And what about yourself?"

Pierre laughed. "I had to make two plans; one for you, and one for me. What do I do, when you are gone? My man outside—whom I have bribed—returns for me, and lets me out by the Governor's private entrance when he is asleep. I go home to my barracks quietly. No one will suspect me, and presently I get a letter from you telling me that you have arrived in safety."

All this was pure fiction.

"Are you quite sure, Pierre, that you are safe?"

"My dear friend," he replied earnestly, "I am as sure of my future as I am of your escape, if you will do exactly as I order you. There can be no doubt whatever of my future." Again he laughed, and looked so careless and light-hearted that one could not choose but believe him.

"A Field-Marshal's bâton—or—"

"That, or the other fate common to soldiers," said Pierre. "Quick, now; undress and change. Think of Molly, not of my future."

"You are now complete," he said, five minutes afterward. "Upon my word, Raymond, you make a pretty lieutenant. But stand upright; swing your shoulders. You civilians never understand a military walk; clank your heels, rattle your sword, look at the turnkeys at the gate as an officer looks at his men, without fear and with authority; but keep your face in shade. When you leave the cell follow the turnkey without a word. Do you understand so far?"

"Yes; so far."

"Very well. Outside the prison is a sentry who will call for the word. It is '*Espion Anglais*.' Turn to the right, and walk straight along the street until you come to a little wine-shop with the sign of the Bleating Lamb. Enter this shop, and without saying a word walk through



it and up the stairs to the room above. Do you understand all this?"

"Perfectly. Shall I wait there for you?"

"No. You will there find a young lady. You will obey her. Now, my friend, farewell."

"We shall meet again."

"Perhaps. I do not know. Farewell. If—say rather, when you get home in safety, give this note to Miss Molly, and"—he pulled off the gold lace knot that hung from his sword-handle—"give her this as well. Tell her it is the badge of my honor that I give her. She will explain what that means. Now, farewell, Raymond."

"Farewell, Pierre." They clasped hands for the last time, and looked each into the other's face. At the last moment a doubt crossed Raymond's mind. "You are quite sure—perfectly sure, Pierre, that you are in no danger whatever?"

"Perfectly sure," he replied; "I know perfectly well where I shall be to-morrow morning. There is a thing concerning myself that Molly knows, and Madame Claire. When you get home, ask them to tell you. I shall not mind your knowing it then. Forgive me, friend; it is the only secret that I have kept from you, and even this I only discovered the day before I came away from Porchester. Go now!"

He kissed him, French fashion, on both cheeks.

It all happened exactly as Pierre had arranged. The turnkeys glanced a moment at the officer, and let him out. The sentry demanded the word and suffered him to pass. He was a free man once more. In the Place d'Armes, through which his way led, stood the guillotine, tall and slender, which was set up to take off his head; the workmen were still engaged upon the scaffold. Presently he came to the wine-shop with the sign of the Bleating Lamb, its doors open. Raymond walked through it unchallenged and up the stairs, all this exactly in accordance with his instructions.

When I received Pierre's letter he had been dead for nearly six months, so long did it take Raymond to effect his escape from the country.

"I promised," he said, "to write to you if ever I had the chance of doing something worthy. The chance has



come, but not in the way you thought and I hoped. I have set Raymond free. The guilt of my father is atoned, and the life of your lover is saved for you. What more could I desire or expect? Let Madame Claire know that I was not ungrateful or forgetful. If, as she thinks, there is another life beyond the grave—my grave will be among the criminals and the outcasts—perhaps the sin of my father will not follow me there. Farewell, and be happy.”

“So, Monsieur”—this was the young lady who was to meet Raymond—“I have expected you for two hours. *Dieu!* you are exactly like Pierre Gavotte. Are you brothers, by accident? Strange accidents happen off the stage as well as upon it. Well, I promised that I would ask no questions, but you must do exactly what I order you. Very well, then. Oh, I know who you are, because I was in the Court to-day, and saw the trial! What? You are no more a spy than I am, and you would have been acquitted but for the news of the war, which turned their heads. You played with great dignity the part of hero in the last act but one. Believe me, sir, it is only gentlemen who preserve their dignity at such moments. I understand good playing. You looked as if you were so strong in your innocence that you would not show any anxiety or irritation, even when the *procureur* was thundering for justice.” She rattled on without pause or stop, being a pretty little black-eyed girl, well formed but slender. “Understand, then, Monsieur, that I am an actress. We trust our lives to each other—I to you, because this is a job which the First Consul would regard with severe displeasure. But you are innocent; first, because you look so; next, because you say so; and, lastly, because Pierre Gavotte—who is the soul of honor—says so. Therefore, I am pleased to protect innocence. On the stage I am frequently innocent myself, and, therefore, I know what it is to want protection. Now, listen and obey. In the next room you will find the dress of a *laquais*. Go and put it on. First, however”—she took a pair of scissors and cut off his hair, which was tied behind, and cropped the rest so as to hang over his ears, as is the way with the common folk—“There—now change your dress. You are a Provençal: you speak French badly; with me you talk in your own language; you are a little lame—let me see you walk—no, this is the



way that lame men walk. You are also a little deaf, and you put up your hand to your ear, like this—turn your head a little, and open your mouth, and say ‘Hein!’ So; you are an apt pupil. Remember to be respectful to your mistress, who will sometimes scold you; above all, study the manners of servants. We are to start to-morrow for Marseilles; you will, perhaps, be able to pass over to Spain, but you must not run risks. After Marseilles, I am going north to Burgundy, where we shall be near the frontier, and you may get across in safety.”

“I understand everything.”

“As for your papers, I have them. They will be found perfectly regular. All this, Monsieur, I do for you at the request of Lieutenant Gavotte, who is, it seems, your friend. I hope that no suspicion will fall upon him.”

“He declares that he is in no danger whatever,” said Raymond.

“He is not my lover. Do not think that. All other men make love to me if they can; but Pierre does better. He has protected me from those who delight to insult an actress. If we were found out, Monsieur, my servant who is lame and deaf, remember we should all three have an opportunity of looking into the basket which Madame la Guillotine keeps for her friends.”

“I assure you, Mademoiselle, that when I left Pierre he was laughing at the danger.”

“That is bad,” she said, shaking her head. “Men must not laugh when they go into danger. It brings bad luck.”

The occupant of the condemned cell remained undisturbed; nor did the turnkey come to let him out by the Governor’s private entrance. He was left there all night long.

Very early in the morning, before daybreak, he was aroused by two of the jailers. They brought candles, and informed him that in two hours he would be executed; the time being fixed early to avoid a conflict with the crowd, who would certainly attempt to tear him in pieces.

They asked him if he wanted anything; he might have coffee if he chose, or brandy, or tobacco.

The prisoner wanted nothing except a cup of coffee, which they brought him. Shortly before six o’clock they



came again, and led him to the room where criminals are prepared for the scaffold, their hands tied behind them, and their hair cut.

Then a very unexpected thing happened. The prisoner remarked, when they began to tie his hands:

“Monsieur le Directeur, these ceremonies are useless. The execution will not take place this morning.”

The Governor made no reply, and they went on with the toilet.

“The execution, I repeat, Monsieur le Directeur, can not take place.”

“Why not?”

“Because the prisoner has escaped.”

“Escaped! The prisoner has escaped? Then who are you?”

“The prisoner has escaped, I repeat. He is now, if he is prudent, concealed so securely that you will not be able to find him, though you search every house in France. As for me, you would observe, if the light was stronger, that I am not the prisoner, though I am said to resemble him. I am, on the other hand, an officer of the Forty-ninth Regiment of the Line.”

“Is it possible?” cried the Governor. “An officer? What does this mean?”

“If you doubt my word, lead me to the guillotine. But if you desire to prove the truth of my words, call in any man of that regiment and ask them who I am.”

“But you brought me a letter from the Commandant.”

“It was a forgery. I forged the signature.”

“But—how did the prisoner escape?”

“He went out of the prison dressed in my hat and cloak. I gave him, besides, the password.”

“Where is he now, then?” asked the Governor, stupidly.

“Why, if he is a wise man he will, certainly, keep that a secret.”

“If the thing be as you say,” said the governor, “you have yourself, Monsieur, committed a most serious crime. What! you, an officer in the army, to release an English spy?”

“That is true. I have committed a very serious crime, indeed. It is so serious that I might just as well have suffered the execution to go on. Meanwhile, I must ask



you to take me back to the cell, and to acquaint my Colonel immediately with what has happened.”

There was a great crowd upon the Place d'Armes, where the guillotine was standing on a scaffold ready to embrace her victim. A military guard was stationed round the scaffold to keep off the crowd. Early as it was, the square was crowded with people, chiefly soldiers and sailors, who were in great spirits at the prospect of seeing the head taken off an English spy—an agent of perfidious Albion. They sung songs, and played rough jokes upon each other. Among them were the country people, who had brought in their fruit and vegetables for the market, and a few servants who were out thus early to see the execution as well as to do the day's marketing.

The criminal was late. The time crept along. Decidedly he was very late. Had anything happened? Were they going to pardon him at the last moment? Had he confessed his guilt and revealed the whole of the English plots? Would it not be well to storm the prison as the Bastille had been stormed, and to seize the spy whether he had confessed or not?

Presently, men came and began to take down the scaffold, and it was understood that there would be no execution that day, because the prisoner had escaped.

The town was searched; house by house, room by room. At the gates no one in the least corresponding to him had passed. The prisoner must be somewhere in the town. Good. When found he should be torn to pieces by the people. But he was not found.

Three days afterward, however, there was a most exciting spectacle in the Place d'Armes; a sight such as had not been witnessed since December, 1793—a military execution.

Everybody now knew that Lieutenant Gavotte, of the Forty-ninth Regiment, had effected the escape of the English spy. It was whispered by those who know everything, that a great plot had been discovered in which many of the French officers themselves were implicated. None, however, except the Colonel, knew for certain why he had done this thing. In his trial he simply said that the so-called English spy was an innocent man whose story was true; that he had been kind to himself when a prisoner in



England; and that, therefore, he had assisted him to escape.

His Colonel went, at the prisoner's request, to see him. I know not what passed between them, but on his return the Colonel was greatly agitated, and openly declared that no braver officer ever existed than Lieutenant Gavotte, and no better man.

They brought him out to die between six and seven in the morning. First they tore away his epaulets, then his cuffs, and then his facings. He was no longer an officer; he was no longer a soldier. But his face showed no sense of shame or fear.

Among the spectators was a man who, to see the show, had been sitting under the tiers all night long. He was a restless man, who moved and fidgeted continually, and bit his nails; his eyes were red; he spoke to no one.

When they led out the young man he nodded his head.

"Good," he said. "First the flood, then the fire. The property is first destroyed, and then the son."

When they set Pierre in his place this man nodded his head again.

"Good," he said. "On that spot died the Count."

They offered to tie a handkerchief round the prisoner's eyes, but he refused, and stood with folded arms.

"Good!" said the spectator again. "Thus the Count refused to be bound."

Then at the word they fired, and Pierre Gavotte fell dead.

"Thus fell the Count," said the specator. He walked slowly from his place and stood beside the dead body.

"This is mine," he said; "I am his father."

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## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCLUSION.

THERE is one more chapter to write, and my story, which I am never tired of telling, will be finished. In the years to come it will be told by my children, and by my children's children—nay, among my descendants, sure I am that my story will never be forgotten, so wonderful it is and strange.

Raymond was dead; he had been guillotined; his letter



told us this; only the poor mad woman assured us (speaking through the spirit of her husband) that he was safe, and this we would not believe.

Raymond was not dead; you have heard by what a miracle he was saved; hear now how he came home to us.

It was on Christmas-eve. First, there was a great surprise for us, unexpected and astonishing. But not the greatest surprise of all.

A sad Christmas-eve. The time was between six and seven. I was sitting beside Mme. Claire, on a stool before the fire. There was no candle, because these poor ladies could only afford candles when Mme. Claire was working. And to-night she was doing nothing.

To Frenchwomen the feast of Christmas is not so great an occasion for festivity as that of the New Year, when they exchange presents and make merry. But Mme. Claire had lived ten years with us and understood our Christmas rejoicing. Alas! there was little joy for us this year, we thought, and there would be little in the years to come.

As we sat there, in silence, my head in Madame's lap, the waits came to sing before our door, the lusty cobbler leading. They sung "When shepherds watched their flocks by night," and "Let nothing you dismay," with fiddle and harp to accompany. I believe the cobbler sung his loudest and lustiest, out of pure sympathy, because he knew that we were in trouble.

"Last Christmas—" I began, but could say no more.

"Patience, child, patience!" said Madame. "The Lord knows what is best, even for two humble women. Though Raymond will never come to us, we shall go to him."

"My friend"—it was the poor, mad lady, talking to her dead husband—"it is time for Raymond to come home. I thought I heard his footsteps; we have missed our boy—"

She looked about the room, as if expecting to see him sitting among us.

"Claire, my sister, when Raymond comes we will make a feast for him. There shall be a dance and a supper for the villagers. Raymond will come home to-day. My husband! Thou art always ready to make us happy. To-day, Claire; to-day." She laughed with a gentle satisfaction. "We can not keep the boy always at home, can we?"



That is impossible. But he has not forgotten his mother. He is coming home to-day—to-day.”

One should have been accustomed to such words as these, but they went to our hearts; so great was the mockery between our grief and the poor creature's happiness.

Then there came a single footstep along the road. I knew it for the Vicar's, and it stopped at the cottage door.

He came in, bearing in his arms something most carefully swathed and wrapped.

“Ladies,” he bowed to all of us together, “at this time of the year it is the custom in England, as you doubtless know, to exchange with each other those good wishes of Christian folk, one to other, which are based upon the Event which the Church will to-morrow commemorate. I wish for this household a merry—”

“Nay, sir,” I said, “can we have merry hearts, this Christmas or any Christmas?”

“A merry Christmas!” he said, stoutly, “and a happy New Year. Ay, the merriest Christmas and the happiest New Year that Heaven can bestow—”

Was His Reverence in his right mind?

“It is also,” he went on, “the godly custom among us to make presents one to the other, at this season, in token of our mutual affection, and in gratitude to the Giver of all good things. Therefore, Madame, I have ventured to bring with me my offering. It is this.”

He placed the parcel upon the table, and began to unroll the coverings.

“What?” he looked at me with a kind of fierceness quite unusual in his character—“what! you think that I could look on unmoved at the afflictions of this innocent family?” (I declare that I never thought anything of the kind.)

“You think that I could suffer them to break up and destroy for the sake of a few miserable guineas, so priceless a relic as the Golden Rose, given to this family five hundred years ago? Never. Learn, Madame,” he bowed again to Mme. Claire, “that I have been the holder, not the buyer or the seller, of the jewels belonging to this precious monument of ancient (though mistaken and corrupt) religion. I have now replaced every stone in its proper setting—you will not find one missing—and I give you back complete, just as when it was hallowed by the Pope at Avignon, your Holy Rose.”



He threw off the coverings, and behold it—the gems sparkling and the gold branches glowing in the fire-light; every jewel replaced, and the Rose as complete as ever; and most beautiful it looked, with its flowers all of precious stones.

“Pardon me,” he said, “the deception which I have practiced. I was determined to save the Rose, and, without my little falsehood (which may Heaven forgive!) you would not have taken the money.”

“We must bring out the Holy Rose because Raymond comes home to-day,” said the mad lady.

“Sir,” cried Mme. Claire. “Oh, sir, this is too much.” She burst into sobbing and weeping and fell upon her knees at the table, throwing her arms round the Rose. I never knew before how much she loved it.

“It is one thing to restore to you the Rose,” said the Vicar, “it is another to give you back the dead. Heaven alone can do that. Yet there was a legend, a tradition, a superstitious belief concerning this Rose, was there not? The House should never want heirs so long as the Rose remained in its possession. Why, it has never left your hands except to be, as we may say, repaired.”

“Alas!” said Madame, “the tradition has proved false. It was, I fear, a human and earthly tradition, not warranted by the blessing of the Pope, which must have been intended for some other than the lady to whom he made the gift.”

“Perhaps. Yet sometimes—nay. I know not—”

Here he hesitated, and looked from Madame to me, and from me to Madame as one who has something to communicate, but doubts how to say it or what he should say. What could he have to say?

“Poor Molly!” he said, at length, laying his hand upon my head. “Poor child! thou hast had a grievous time of trial. Hast thou faith enough to believe that there may still be happiness in store for thee?”

I shook my head. There was no more happiness possible for me.

“Strange!” he said, still with that hesitation. “’Twas an old legend, it seems a foolish legend. How can the blessing of a mere man have such merit? We may not believe it. Yet— Sometimes we are deceived, and idle words prove true. It hath happened that things which



seemed impossible have happened. Wherefore, Molly; let us hope—let us hope. But why connect such things as may happen with the Pope?”

I think we ought to have guessed something at these words. But Raymond was dead. We can not expect the dead to be raised to life. And, besides, I was thinking of Madame, who was weeping, and praying, and praising God upon her knees; being carried quite out of herself, as I had never seen her before, except when she spoke like a prophetess to Pierre.

“Molly,” said the Vicar, “the ways of Providence are wonderful; we can not try to fathom them. If sorrow falls upon us, we must learn to be resigned; if joy comes, we must be grateful. My dear, how shall I tell thee what has happened?”

“Is it some new misfortune?” I asked. “Has my father—”

“Nay, it is no misfortune. And yet thou must summon up all thy courage to hear the news which came to me this afternoon. Listen, then; and if I do not tell thee all at once, it is because I fear for thy reason. Thy father, child, knows the news, and he is already—but I anticipate. Sally knows, and she comes with him in a few minutes. But I must speak slowly. Her father knows, because he brought him in the boat. But I am going too quickly.”

“Who has come in the boat—my father?”

“No, Molly, no; not thy father. I fear, child, that I have broken the news too abruptly—let me begin again. If, I say, resignation is the duty of the sorrowful, a grateful heart, which is also the duty of the joyful, must be shown in a spirit that is tranquil and self-contained. Be tranquil and self-contained; and now, my dear, I have this day received a letter—this afternoon only—followed by the boat from the harbor with—with—the potatoes and onions and—and—the woman whom they call Porchester Sal—”

Was the Vicar going off his head? What could he mean?

He was not, however, permitted to prepare my mind any more, for at that moment a man came running down the road, and the door burst open.

It was my cousin Tom.

“I hear the footstep of my boy,” said the Countess.

“Molly!” he cried. “A Ghost! A Ghost! I have seen a Ghost!”



His wild eyes and pale cheeks showed at least that he was horribly frightened. His hat had fallen off, and the whip which he generally carried had been dropped somewhere in the road.

"Molly! A real Ghost. When I saw him I said: 'Who's afraid of a Ghost?' That's what I said. 'Who's afraid of a Ghost? You'd like to kick me again, would you?' And with that I gave him one with my whip. Would you believe it? My whip was knocked out of my hand, and I got a one-two with his fists-- Well, any man may be afraid of a Ghost, and I ran away."

"A Ghost, Tom?"

"Molly, you remember that story about the fight and the kick in the face, don't you? I used to say that I had him down and was laying on with a will. That wasn't true, Molly. I dare say I should have had him down in another round--no--no--he will haunt me--it wasn't true at all. I never had him down, and he would never have gone down, because he began it; but he did kick me."

"Tom, that was Pierre Gavotte, not Raymond at all."

"Ah! all of a tale; stick to it. Oh! Lord--here he is again!"

Sally rushed in before him.

"Miss Molly, Miss Molly! I brought him up the harbor in the boat. We picked him up at Point. Here he is! Here he is! Not a bit of a Frenchman, though he is dressed in a blue sack and a cloth cap. Oh! here he is!"

Oh! heavens, can I ever forget that moment? 'Twas Raymond himself. Raymond, strong and well, his arms stretched out for me. When he let me go, I saw that the Vicar and my father were shaking hands, and the tears were in their eyes. But Madame Claire was still on her knees, her head in her hands. And so we stood in silence until she rose and solemnly kissed her nephew.

"My friend," said Raymond's mother to her husband, "I knew that your words come always true. You said that Raymond would come home to-day. We will have a feast to welcome the boy's return. And the villagers shall dance."

"It is," said Mme. Claire, "the Blessing of the Holy Rose."



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30	Faith and Unfaith.....	20
118	Loys, Lord Berresford, and Eric Dering.....	10
119	Monica, and A Rose Distill'd...	10
123	Sweet is True Love.....	10
129	Rossmoyne.....	10
134	The Witching Hour, and Other Stories.....	10
136	"That Last Rehearsal," and Other Stories.....	10
166	Moonshine and Marguerites....	10
171	Fortune's Wheel, and Other Stories.....	10
284	Doris.....	10
312	A Week's Amusement; or, A Week in Killarney.....	10
342	The Baby, and One New Year's Eve.....	10
390	Mildred Trevauion.....	10
404	In Durance Vile, and Other Stories.....	10
486	Dick's Sweetheart.....	20
494	A Maiden All Forlorn, and Bar- bara.....	10
517	A Passive Crime, and Other Stories.....	10
541	"As It Fell Upon a Day.".....	10
733	Lady Branksmere.....	20
771	A Mental Struggle.....	20
785	The Haunted Chamber.....	10
862	Ugly Barrington.....	10
875	Lady Valworth's Diamonds....	20

**Alexander Dumas's Works.**

55 The Three Guardsmen..	20
75 Twenty Years After.....	20

259 The Bride of Monte-Cristo. A	
Sequel to "The Count of	
Monte-Cristo".....	10
262 The Count of Monte-Cristo.	
Part I.....	20
262 The Count of Monte-Cristo.	
Part II.....	20
717 Beau Tancrede; or, The Mar-	
riage Verdict.....	20

**Maria Edgeworth's Works.**

708 Ormond.....	20
788 The Absentee. An Irish Story.	20

**Mrs. Annie Edwards's Works.**

644	A Girton Girl.....	20
834	A Ballroom Repentance.....	20
835	Vivian the Beauty.....	20
836	A Point of Honor.....	20
837	A Vagabond Heroine.....	10
838	Ought We to Visit Her?.....	20
839	Leah: A Woman of Fashion...	20
841	Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune?	10
842	A Blue-Stocking.....	10
843	Archie Lovell.....	20
844	Susan Fielding.....	20
845	Philip Earncliffe; or, The Mor- als of May Fair.....	20
846	Steven Lawrence. First half.	20
846	Steven Lawrence. Second half	20
850	A Playwright's Daughter.....	10

**George Eliot's Works.**

3 The Mill on the Floss.....	20
31 Middlemarch. 1st half.....	20
31 Middlemarch. 2d half.....	20
34 Daniel Deronda. 1st half.....	20
34 Daniel Deronda. 2d half.....	20
36 Adam Bede.....	20
42 Romola.....	20
693 Felix Holt, the Radical.....	20
707 Silas Marner: The Weaver of	
Raveloe.....	10
728 Janet's Repentance.....	10
762 Impressions of Theophrastus	
Such.....	10

**B. L. Farjeon's Works.**

179 Little Make-Believe.....	10
573 Love's Harvest.....	20
607 Self-Doomed.....	10
616 The Sacred Nugget.....	20
657 Christmas Angel.....	10

**G. Manville Fenn's Works.**

193 The Rosery Folk.....	10
558 Poverty Corner.....	20
587 The Parson o' Dumford.....	20
609 The Dark House.....	10

**Octave Feuillet's Works.**

66 The Romance of a Poor Young	
Man.....	10
386 Led Astray; or, "La Petite	
Comtesse".....	10

**Mrs. Forrester's Works.**

80 June.....	20
280 Omnia Vanitas. A Tale of So-	
ciety.....	10



# Mrs. Forrester's Works

(CONTINUED).

484	Although He Was a Lord, and Other Tales.....	10
715	I Have Lived and Loved.....	20
721	Dolores.....	20
724	My Lord and My Lady.....	20
726	My Hero.....	20
727	Fair Women.....	20
729	Mignon.....	20
732	From Olympus to Hades.....	20
734	Viva.....	20
736	Roy and Viola.....	20
740	Rhona.....	20
744	Diana Carew; or, For a Woman's Sake.....	20
883	Once Again.....	20

# Jessie Fothergill's Works.

314	Peril.....	20
572	Healey.....	20

# R. E. Francillon's Works.

135	A Great Heiress: A Fortune in Seven Checks.....	10
319	Face to Face: A Fact in Seven Fables.....	10
360	Ropes of Sand.....	20
656	The Golden Flood. By R. E. Francillon and Wm. Senior..	10

# Emile Gaboriau's Works.

7	File No. 113.....	20
12	Other People's Money.....	20
20	Within an Inch of His Life....	20
26	Monsieur Lecoq. Vol. I.....	20
26	Monsieur Lecoq. Vol. II.....	20
33	The Clique of Gold.....	10
38	The Widow Lerouge.....	20
43	The Mystery of Orcival.....	20
144	Promises of Marriage.....	10

# Charles Gibbon's Works.

64	A Maiden Fair.....	10
317	By Mead and Stream.....	20

# James Grant's Works.

566	The Royal Highlanders; or, The Black Watch in Egypt...	20
781	The Secret Dispatch.....	10

# Miss Grant's Works.

222	The Sun-Maid.....	20
555	Cara Roma.....	20

# Arthur Griffiths's Works.

614	No. 99.....	10
680	Fast and Loose.....	20

# H. Rider Haggard's Works.

432	The Witch's Head.....	20
753	King Solomon's Mines.....	20

# Thomas Hardy's Works.

139	The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.....	10
530	A Pair of Blue Eyes.....	20
690	Far From the Madding Crowd.	20
791	The Mayor of Casterbridge....	20

# John B. Harwood's Works.

143	One False, Both Fair.....	20
358	Within the Clasp.....	20

# Mary Cecil Hay's Works.

65	Back to the Old Home.....	10
72	Old Myddelton's Money.....	20
196	Hidden Perils.....	10
197	For Her Dear Sake.....	20
224	The Arundel Motto.....	20
281	The Squire's Legacy.....	20
290	Nora's Love Test.....	20
408	Lester's Secret.....	20
678	Dorothy's Venture.....	20
716	Victor and Vanquished.....	20
849	A Wicked Girl.....	20

# Mrs. Cashel-Hoeys Works.

313	The Lover's Creed.....	20
802	A Stern Chase.....	20

# Tighe Hopkins's Works.

509	Nell Haffenden.....	20
714	'Twixt Love and Duty.....	20

# Works by the Author of "Judith Wynne."

332	Judith Wynne.....	20
506	Lady Lovelace.....	20

# William H. G. Kingston's Works.

117	A Tale of the Shore and Ocean.	20
133	Peter the Whaler.....	10
761	Will Weatherhelm.....	20
763	The Midshipman, Marmaduke Merry .....	20

# Vernon Lee's Works.

399	Miss Brown.....	20
859	Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl. By Vernon Lee. The Prince of the 100 Soups. Edited by Vernon Lee.....	20

# Charles Lever's Works.

191	Harry Lorrequer.....	20
212	Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. First half.....	20
212	Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon. Second half.....	20
243	Tom Burke of "Ours." First half.....	20
243	Tom Burke of "Ours." Second half.....	20

# Mary Linskill's Works.

473	A Lost Son.....	20
620	Between the Heather and the Northern Sea.....	20

# Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's Works.

122	Ione Stewart.....	20
817	Stabbed in the Dark.....	10

# Samuel Lover's Works.

663	Handy Andy.....	20
664	Rory O'More.....	20



**Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's Works.**

40	The Last Days of Pompeii.....	20
83	A Strange Story.....	20
90	Ernest Maltravers.....	20
130	The Last of the Barons. First half.....	20
130	The Last of the Barons. Second half.....	20
162	Eugene Aram.....	20
164	Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada.....	10
650	Alice; or, The Mysteries. (A Sequel to "Ernest Maltravers").....	20
720	Paul Clifford.....	20

**George Macdonald's Works.**

282	Donal Grant.....	20
325	The Portent.....	10
326	Phantastes. A Faerie Romance for Men and Women.....	10
722	What's Mine's Mine.....	20

**E. Marlitt's Works.**

652	The Lady with the Rubies.....	20
858	Old Ma'm'selle's Secret.....	20

**Florence Marryat's Works.**

159	A Moment of Madness, and Other Stories.....	10
183	Old Contrairy, and Other Stories.....	10
208	The Ghost of Charlotte Cray, and Other Stories.....	10
276	Under the Lilies and Roses.....	10
444	The Heart of Jane Warner.....	20
449	Peeress and Player.....	20
689	The Heir Presumptive.....	20
825	The Master Passion.....	20
860	Her Lord and Master.....	20
861	My Sister the Actress.....	20
863	"My Own Child.".....	20
864	"No Intentions.".....	20
865	Written in Fire.....	20
866	Miss Harrington's Husband.....	20
867	The Girls of Feversham.....	20
868	Petronel.....	20
869	The Poison of Asps.....	10
870	Out of His Reckoning.....	10
872	With Cupid's Eyes.....	20
873	A Harvest of Wild Oats.....	20
877	Facing the Footlights.....	20

**Captain Marryat's Works.**

88	The Privateersman.....	20
272	The Little Savage.....	10

**Helen B. Mathers's Works.**

13	Eyre's Acquittal.....	10
221	Comin' Thro' the Rye.....	20
438	Found Out.....	10
535	Murder or Manslaughter?.....	10
673	Story of a Sin.....	20
713	"Cherry Ripe".....	20
795	Sam's Sweetheart.....	20
V	The Fashion of this World.....	10
799	My Lady Green Sleeves.....	20

**Justin McCarthy's Works.**

121	Maid of Athens.....	20
602	Camiola.....	20
685	England Under Gladstone. 1880—1885.....	20
747	Our Sensation Novel. Edited by Justin H. McCarthy, M.P.....	10
779	Doom! An Atlantic Episode.....	10

**Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller's Works.**

267	Laurel Vane; or, The Girls' Conspiracy.....	20
268	Lady Gay's Pride; or, The Miser's Treasure.....	20
269	Lancaster's Choice.....	20
316	Sworn to Silence; or, Aline Rodney's Secret.....	20

**Jean Middlemas's Works.**

155	Lady Muriel's Secret.....	20
539	Silvermead.....	20

**Alan Muir's Works.**

172	"Golden Girls".....	20
346	Tumbledown Farm.....	10

**Miss Mulock's Works.**

11	John Halifax, Gentleman.....	20
245	Miss Tommy, and In a House-Boat.....	10
808	King Arthur. Not a Love Story.....	20

**David Christie Murray's Works.**

58	By the Gate of the Sea.....	10
195	"The Way of the World".....	20
320	A Bit of Human Nature.....	10
661	Rainbow Gold.....	20
674	First Person Singular.....	20
691	Valentine Strange.....	20
695	Hearts: Queen, Knave, and Deuce.....	20
698	A Life's Atonement.....	20
737	Aunt Rachel.....	10
826	Cynic Fortune.....	20

**Works by the author of "My Ducats and My Daughter."**

376	The Crime of Christmas Day.....	10
596	My Ducats and My Daughter.....	20

**W. E. Norris's Works.**

184	Thirlby Hall.....	20
277	A Man of His Word.....	10
355	That Terrible Man.....	10
500	Adrian Vidal.....	20
824	Her Own Doing.....	10
848	My Friend Jim.....	10
871	A Bachelor's Blunder.....	20

**Laurence Oliphant's Works.**

47	Altiora Peto.....	20
537	Piccadilly.....	10



**Mrs. Oliphant's Works.**

45	A Little Pilgrim.....	10
177	Salem Chapel.....	20
205	The Minister's Wife.....	30
321	The Prodigals, and Their Inheritance.....	10
337	Memoirs and Resolutions of Adam Graeme of Mossgray, including some Chronicles of the Borough of Fendie.....	20
345	Madam.....	20
351	The House on the Moor.....	20
357	John.....	20
370	Lucy Crofton.....	10
371	Margaret Maitland.....	20
377	Magdalen Hepburn: A Story of the Scottish Reformation....	20
402	Lilliesleaf; or, Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside.....	20
410	Old Lady Mary.....	10
527	The Days of My Life.....	20
528	At His Gates.....	20
568	The Perpetual Curate.....	20
569	Harry Muir.....	20
603	Agnes. 1st half.....	20
603	Agnes. 2d half.....	20
604	Innocent. 1st half.....	20
604	Innocent. 2d half.....	20
605	Ombra.....	20
645	Oliver's Bride.....	10
655	The Open Door, and The Portrait	10
687	A Country Gentleman.....	20
703	A House Divided Against Itself	20
710	The Greatest Heiress in England	20
827	Effie Ogilvie.....	20
880	The Son of His Father.....	20

**"Ouida's" Works.**

4	Under Two Flags.....	20
9	Wanda, Countess von Szalras..	20
116	Moths.....	20
128	Afternoon and Other Sketches..	10
226	Friendship.....	20
228	Princess Napraxine.....	20
238	Pascarel.....	20
239	Signa.....	20
433	A Rainy June.....	10
639	Othmar.....	20
671	Don Gesualdo.....	10
672	In Maremma. First half.....	20
672	In Maremma. Second half....	20
874	A House Party.....	10

**James Payn's Works.**

48	Thicker Than Water.....	20
186	The Canon's Ward.....	20
343	The Talk of the Town.....	20
577	In Peril and Privation.....	10
589	The Luck of the Darrells.....	20
823	The Heir of the Ages.....	20

**Miss Jane Porter's Works.**

660	The Scottish Chiefs. 1st half..	20
660	The Scottish Chiefs. 2d half..	20
696	Thaddeus of Warsaw.....	20

**Cecil Power's Works.**

336	Philistia.....	20
611	Babylon.....	20

**Mrs. Campbell Praed's Works.**

428	Zéro: A Story of Monte-Carlo.	10
477	Affinities.....	10
811	The Head Station.....	20

**Eleanor C. Price's Works.**

173	The Foreigners.....	20
331	Gerald.....	20

**Charles Reade's Works.**

46	Very Hard Cash.....	20
98	A Woman-Hater.....	20
206	The Picture, and Jack of All Trades.....	10
210	Readiana: Comments on Current Events.....	10
213	A Terrible Temptation.....	20
214	Put Yourself in His Place.....	20
216	Foul Play.....	20
231	Griffith Gaunt; or, Jealousy...	20
232	Love and Money; or, A Perilous Secret.....	10
235	"It is Never Too Late to Mend." A Matter-of-Fact Romance.....	20

**Mrs. J. H. Riddell's Works.**

71	A Struggle for Fame.....	20
593	Berna Boyle.....	20

**"Rita's" Works.**

252	A Sinless Secret.....	10
446	Dame Durden.....	20
598	"Corinna." A Study.....	10
617	Like Dian's Kiss.....	20

**F. W. Robinson's Works.**

157	Milly's Hero.....	20
217	The Man She Cared For.....	20
261	A Fair Maid.....	20
455	Lazarus in London.....	20
590	The Courting of Mary Smith...	20

**W. Clark Russell's Works.**

85	A Sea Queen.....	20
109	Little Loo.....	20
180	Round the Galley Fire.....	10
209	John Holdsworth, Chief Mate..	10
223	A Sailor's Sweetheart.....	20
592	A Strange Voyage.....	20
682	In the Middle Watch. Sea Stories.....	20
743	Jack's Courtship. 1st half....	20
743	Jack's Courtship. 2d half....	20

**Adeline Sergeant's Works.**

257	Beyond Recall.....	10
812	No Saint.....	20

**Sir Walter Scott's Works.**

28	Ivanhoe.....	20
201	The Monastery.....	20
202	The Abbot. (Sequel to "The Monastery").....	20
353	The Black Dwarf, and A Legend of Montrose.....	20
362	The Bride of Lammermoor....	20
363	The Surgeon's Daughter.....	10
364	Castle Dangerous.....	10



**Sir Walter Scott's Works**

(CONTINUED).

391	The Heart of Mid-Lothian.....	20
392	Peveril of the Peak.....	20
393	The Pirate.....	20
401	Waverley.....	20
417	The Fair Maid of Perth; or, St. Valentine's Day.....	20
418	St. Ronan's Well.....	20
463	Redgauntlet. A Tale of the Eighteenth Century.....	20
507	Chronicles of the Canongate, and Other Stories.....	10

**William Sime's Works.**

429	Boulderstone; or, New Men and Old Populations.....	10
580	The Red Route.....	20
597	Haco the Dreamer.....	10
649	Cradle and Spade.....	20

**Hawley Smart's Works.**

348	From Post to Finish. A Racing Romance.....	20
367	Tie and Trick.....	20
550	Struck Down.....	10
847	Bad to Beat.....	10

**Frank E. Smedley's Works.**

333	Frank Fairlegh; or, Scenes from the Life of a Private Pupil.....	20
562	Lewis Arundel; or, The Rail- road of Life.....	20

**T. W. Speight's Works.**

150	For Himself Alone.....	10
653	A Barren Title.....	10

**Robert Louis Stevenson's Works.**

686	Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde... ..	10
704	Prince Otto.....	10
832	Kidnapped.....	20
855	The Dynamiter.....	20
856	New Arabian Nights.....	20

**Julian Sturgis's Works.**

405	My Friends and I. Edited by Julian Sturgis.....	10
694	John Maidment.....	20

**Eugene Sue's Works.**

270	The Wandering Jew. Part I... ..	20
270	The Wandering Jew. Part II.. ..	20
271	The Mysteries of Paris. Part I. ..	20
271	The Mysteries of Paris. Part II. ..	20

**George Temple's Works.**

599	Lancelot Ward, M.P.....	10
642	Britta.....	10

**William M. Thackeray's Works.**

27	Vanity Fair.....	20
165	The History of Henry Esmond. ..	20
464	The Newcomes. Part I.....	20
464	The Newcomes. Part II.....	20
670	The Rose and the Ring. Illus- trated.....	10

**Works by the Author of "The Two Miss Flemings."**

637	What's His Offence?.....	20
780	Rare Pale Margaret.....	20
784	The Two Miss Flemings.....	20
831	Pomegranate Seed.....	20

**Annie Thomas's Works.**

141	She Loved Him!.....	10
142	Jenifer.....	20
565	No Medium.....	10

**Anthony Trollope's Works.**

32	The Land Leaguers.....	20
93	Anthony Trollope's Autobiog- raphy.....	20
147	Rachel Ray.....	20
200	An Old Man's Love.....	10
531	The Prime Minister. 1st half.. ..	20
531	The Prime Minister. 2d half.. ..	20
621	The Warden.....	10
622	Harry Heathcote of Gangoil... ..	10
667	The Golden Lion of Granpere.. ..	20
700	Ralph the Heir. 1st half.....	20
700	Ralph the Heir. 2d half.....	20
775	The Three Clerks.....	20

**Margaret Veley's Works.**

298	Mitchelhurst Place.....	10
586	"For Percival".....	20

**Jules Verne's Works.**

87	Dick Sand; or, A Captain at Fifteen.....	20
100	20,000 Leagues Under the Seas. ..	20
368	The Southern Star; or, the Dia- mond Land. ....	20
395	The Archipelago on Fire.....	10
578	Mathias Sandorf. Illustrated. Part I.....	10
578	Mathias Sandorf. Illustrated. Part II.....	10
578	Mathias Sandorf. Illustrated. Part III.....	10
659	The Waif of the "Cynthia"... ..	20
751	Great Voyages and Great Navi- gators. First half.....	20
751	Great Voyages and Great Navi- gators. Second half.....	20
833	Ticket No. "9672." First half.. ..	10

**L. B. Walford's Works.**

241	The Baby's Grandmother.....	10
256	Mr. Smith: A Part of His Life. ..	20
258	Cousins.....	20
658	The History of a Week.....	10

**F. Warden's Works.**

192	At the World's Mercy.....	10
248	The House on the Marsh.....	10
286	Deldee; or, The Iron Hand....	20
482	A Vagrant Wife.....	20
556	A Prince of Darkness.....	20
820	Doris's Fortune.....	10



**William Ware's Works.**

709 Zenobia; or, The Fall of Palmyra. 1st half.....	20
709 Zenobia; or, The Fall of Palmyra. 2d half.....	20
760 Aurelian; or, Rome in the Third Century.....	20

**E. Werner's Works.**

227 Raymond's Atonement.....	20
540 At a High Price.....	20

**G. J. Whyte-Melville's Works.**

409 Roy's Wife.....	20
451 Market Harborough, and Inside the Bar.....	20

**John Strange Winter's Works.**

492 Mignon; or, Bootles' Baby. Illustrated.....	10
600 Houp-La. Illustrated.....	10
638 In Quarters with the 25th (The Black Horse) Dragoons.....	10
688 A Man of Honor. Illustrated..	10
746 Cavalry Life; or, Sketches and Stories in Barracks and Out..	20
813 Army Society. Life in a Garrison Town.....	10
818 Pluck.....	10
876 Mignon's Secret.....	10

**Mrs. Henry Wood's Works.**

8 East Lynne.....	20
255 The Mystery.....	20
277 The Surgeon's Daughters.....	10
508 The Unholy Wish.....	10
513 Helen Whitney's Wedding, and Other Tales.....	10
514 The Mystery of Jessie Page, and Other Tales.....	10
610 The Story of Dorothy Grape, and Other Tales.....	10

**Charlotte M. Yonge's Works.**

247 The Armourer's Prentices.....	10
275 The Three Brides.....	10
535 Henrietta's Wish; or, Domineering.....	10
563 The Two Sides of the Shield....	20
640 Nuttie's Father.....	20
665 The Dove in the Eagle's Nest..	20
666 My Young Alcides: A Faded Photograph.....	20
739 The Caged Lion.....	20
742 Love and Life.....	20
783 Chantry House.....	20
790 The Chaplet of Pearls; or, The White and Black Ribaumont. First half.....	20
790 The Chaplet of Pearls; or, The White and Black Ribaumont. Second half.....	20
800 Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. First half.....	20
800 Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. Second half.....	20

**Miscellaneous.**

53 The Story of Ida. Francesca..	10
61 Charlotte Temple. Mrs. Rowson.....	10
99 Barbara's History. Amelia B. Edwards.....	20
103 Rose Fleming. Dora Russell..	10
105 A Noble Wife. John Saunders	20
111 The Little School-master Mark. J. H. Shorthouse.....	10
112 The Waters of Marah. John Hill.....	20
113 Mrs. Carr's Companion. M. G. Wightwick.....	10
114 Some of Our Girls. Mrs. C. J. Elloart.....	20
115 Diamond Cut Diamond. T. Adolphus Trollope.....	10
120 Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby. Thomas Hughes....	20
127 Adrian Bright. Mrs. Caddy...	20
149 The Captain's Daughter. From the Russian of Pushkin.....	10
151 The Ducie Diamonds. C. Blatherwick.....	10
156 "For a Dream's Sake." Mrs. Herbert Martin.....	20
158 The Starling. Norman Macleod, D.D.....	10
160 Her Gentle Deeds. Sarah Tytler	10
161 The Lady of Lyons. Founded on the Play of that title by Lord Lytton.....	10
163 Winifred Power. Joyce Darrell.....	20
170 A Great Treason. Mary Hoppus.....	30
174 Under a Ban. Mrs. Lodge.....	20
176 An April Day. Philippa Prittie Jephson.....	10
178 More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands. Queen Victoria.....	10
182 The Millionaire.....	20
185 Dita. Lady Margaret Majendie	10
187 The Midnight Sun. Fredrika Bremer.....	10
198 A Husband's Story.....	10
203 John Bull and His Island. Max O'Rell.....	10
218 Agnes Sorel. G. P. R. James..	20
219 Lady Clare; or, The Master of the Forges. Georges Ohnet	10
242 The Two Orphans. D'Ennery.	10
253 The Amazon. Carl Vosmaer..	10
266 The Water-Babies. Rev. Chas. Kingsley.....	10
274 Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland. Biographical Sketch and Letters.....	10
279 Little Goldie: A Story of Woman's Love. Mrs. Sumner Hayden.....	20
285 The Gambler's Wife.....	20
289 John Bull's Neighbor in Her True Light. A "Brutal Sax-on".....	10



**Miscellaneous—Continued.**

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|--|----|--|----|
| 311 Two Years Before the Mast. R. H. Dana, Jr.....   | 20 | 458 A Week of Passion; or, The Dilemma of Mr. George Barton the Younger. Edward Jenkins..... | 20 |
| 323 A Willful Maid.....  | 20 | 468 The Fortunes, Good and Bad, of a Sewing-Girl. Charlotte M. Stanley.....                  | 10 |
| 329 The Polish Jew. (Translated from the French by Caroline A. Merighi.) Erckmann-Chat-<br>rian..... | 10 | 474 Serapis. An Historical Novel. George Ebers.....  | 20 |
| 330 May Blossom; or, Between Two Loves. Margaret Lee.....  | 20 | 479 Louisa. Katharine S. Macquoid  | 20 |
| 334 A Marriage of Convenience. Harriett Jay.....   | 10 | 483 Betwixt My Love and Me. By author of "A Golden Bar"...                                   | 10 |
| 335 The White Witch.....   | 20 | 485 Tinted Vapours. J. Maclaren Cobban.....  | 10 |
| 340 Under Which King? Compton Reade.....   | 20 | 491 Society in London. A Foreign Resident.....   | 10 |
| 341 Madolin Rivers; or, The Little Beauty of Red Oak Seminary. Laura Jean Libbey.....                | 20 | 493 Colonel Enderby's Wife. Lucas Malet.....   | 20 |
| 347 As Avon Flows. Henry Scott Vince.....  | 20 | 501 Mr. Butler's Ward. F. Mabel Robinson.....  | 20 |
| 350 Diana of the Crossways. George Meredith.....   | 10 | 504 Curly: An Actor's Story. John Coleman.....   | 10 |
| 352 At Any Cost. Edward Garrett.   | 10 | 505 The Society of London. Count Paul Vasili.....  | 10 |
| 354 The Lottery of Life. A Story of New York Twenty Years Ago. John Brougham.....                    | 20 | 510 A Mad Love. Author of "Lover and Lord".....  | 10 |
| 355 The Princess Dagomar of Poland. Heinrich Felbermann.   | 10 | 512 The Waters of Hercules.....  | 20 |
| 356 A Good Hater. Frederick Boyle  | 20 | 518 The Hidden Sin.....  | 20 |
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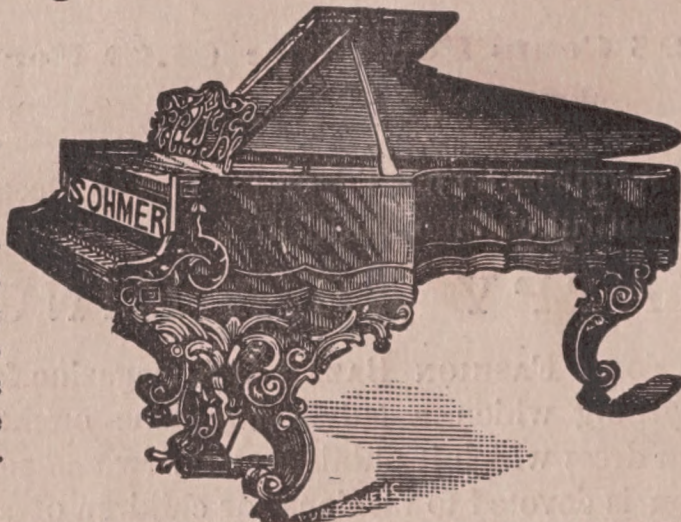
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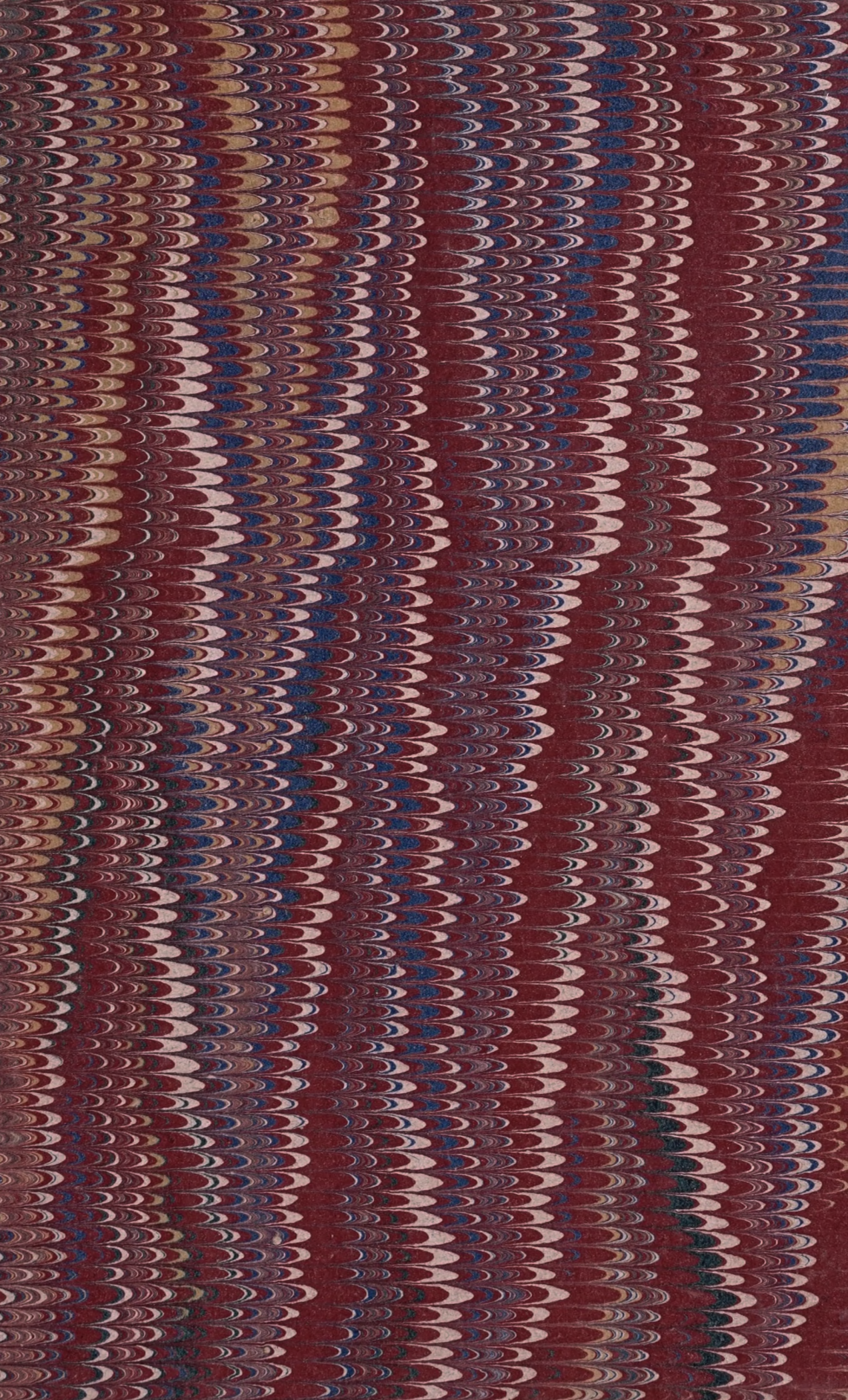














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